

SPACE CITY!

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NASA's
Nazi
---p. 3

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by Victoria Smith

"News" is a peculiar commodity for media workers. In a sense, you might say that nothing ever happens to media workers, it only happens for them. Regardless of one's conception of what is newsworthy, there are some days, (or weeks) in which the quality of the news is high and the quantity abundant. Other times, the "news" world can, to all appearances, take a nap — sometimes a very long nap — and no journalist, however enterprising, can awaken it. The best he or she can hope to do is to tune in on some dream matter (otherwise known as "ferreting out the news"). All of which is to say that this last week, as far as I'm concerned, little has happened for me and, sorry to say, I haven't been poking into anyone's dreams in the last several days.

If you were able to ignore the daily headlines bleating about that worthless piece of voyeurism, the Clifford Irving And His Blondes story, you might have found that the two significant local stories in the last week were the hordes of political hopefuls flocking to meet the Feb. 7 filing deadline for the May primaries and the Agent ORANGE controversy. For information on the latter, see our story in this issue. On the former, if you're really interested in knowing a little about every single candidate who has filed for local, state, and federal office, you might try calling the Houston League of Women Voters. I'll mention a few of the more notable candidates here, and promise that Space City! over the next three months will provide as much material as possible on the various races.

WOMEN MOVING INTO ELECTION SCENE

It would be merely wishful thinking to say that 1972 may be the beginning of the end for male domination of electoral politics. But for those who care about such things, this year looks dimly encouraging for female politicians and their supporters. Few may win, but many have filed. It's difficult to say what cumulative effect greater numbers of women in electoral campaigns will have on that generally corrupt business — but they can't make it much worse than it already is. I know that while I consider electoral politics a disgusting shuck, the only politicians I can come close to admiring happen to be women — and not many of those at that.

Take State Rep. Frances Tarleton Farenthold of Corpus Christi. She filed for the Democratic nomination for governor Monday, Feb. 7, pitting herself against the formidable forces of Preston Smith, Dolph Briscoe, and (shudder) Ben Barnes. That cynical Greek Diogenes could have tromped from the Mexican border to the panhandle, and never, never, never have found an honest man, at least not in politics. But he might have had to take a second look at a woman like Farenthold.

Farenthold oozes integrity, so much so that it may actually be a roadblock to victory. (Another little quirk of electoral politics.) At her Austin news conference Monday, she said, "My political life has been unorthodox for Texas because my initial support has come from the people and in this campaign it is again to the people I turn. My political life is unprogrammed, because I am not part of any arrangements. And our state political life is filled with pre-ordained arrangements, trading offices around as if they were fiefdoms." Now how, you might ask, can someone (a woman, no less) who plans to turn to the people for support and is not a part of any "arrangements" win a primary, let alone an election, in Texas? Good question.

Yet Farenthold, unlike another well-known Texas woman in politics, Dehhy Leonard, is running to win. "I'm not going in as a sacrificial lamb," she said last week in a brief telephone interview with Space City! "I'm going in to win."

She is especially critical of the way in which her three principal opponents are handling their campaigns. "Everyone mouthing mass reform," she says contemptuously. "It makes me sick!"

In Austin, she said that "this present season finds us deep into the rhetoric of reform. Reform is too important to be made a mockery. And for either the governor or the lieutenant governor to carry a banner of reform is to make a mockery of reform." Her comments at this event concerning Barnes' and Smith's involvement in the stock fraud scandal and other shady deals indicates that she will not be afraid to discuss the issue to its fullest. One of the most

aggressive leaders of the "Dirty Thirty" House coalition, Farenthold has certainly not shied away from the issue in the past.

Farenthold is 45, an attorney and mother of four children. Her husband is a Houston businessman.

A number of women have filed for other state offices, with at least three black women running for nominations for state legislature. Women are also challenging the comfortably incumbent members of the Harris County Commissioners Court.

OTHER CANDIDATES OF INTEREST

State Rep. Curtis Graves announced his candidacy for Congress from the newly-formed 18th District. Surprise. This, of course, pits Graves against another prominent black politician, State Sen. Barbara Jordan. We have speculated for a while that while Jordan, one of those strong party-line Democrats, has the big money, Graves has the people. Though it's certainly not as clear-cut as all that, Graves' comments at his Monday news conference (at which he also revealed his financial statement) would seem to substantiate that analysis. Graves came down especially hard on Jordan for her supposed ties "to the goat-tail of the downtown establishment" and her alliances with "corrupt politicians who have brought our state into national shame and ridicule."

Graves said his campaign will be a "campaign in the streets." Presumably, Graves means he plans to employ the tactic especially popular among younger politicians of the "campaign walk." Good for the circulation, but not always as successful as scrambling for that big money. Graves is also a member of the "Dirty Thirty."

Another "Dirty Thirty" leader, State Rep. Tom Bass, has filed for candidacy in the Commissioner's Court race. He will be facing long-time incumbent W. Kyle Chapman in the Democratic primary.

Bass, a 10-year member of the House, and chairman of the St. Thomas political science department, has the peculiar distinction of being the only man in Texas history to resign a committee chairmanship during a legislative session. Bass resigned his chairmanship in protest over House Speaker Gus Mutscher's hedging on issues related to the stock scandal. Bass, like others who formed the "Dirty Thirty" caucus, became a fallen angel in the eyes of the very tight-knit House leadership.

"I feel that the people of Harris County are tired and disgusted with the actions of the Commissioners' Court," Bass said. "I believe that I offer to the voters of the community a proven record of performance, independence and integrity."

And so it goes. There are more, many more. But if you're as tired of reading about candidates as I am of writing about them, it's time to move on.

TEXAS FIRMS GET DEFENSE CONTRACTS

One thing I really dislike about the format of most daily newspapers is that they consistently reserve a special, elite and extremely unattractive section for "financial news." By its very makeup, the financial section repels those of us who don't think we're at all interested in anything as prosaic as finance. Often, however, the financial section contains news of great relevance to our little lives. (This is not so much true with the Houston Chronicle and Post as it is, say, with the New York Times.)

I am a lazy newspaper reader, and I usually just skim the financial section in the Houston dailies. But an item in last week's Houston Post really caught my eye.

Three large Texas corporations are listed among the top ten firms receiving more than \$10.3 billion in defense contracts in the 1971 fiscal year. One of the firms is Tenneco of Houston, which nearly quadrupled its contracts from military spending to just under \$1 billion. The other two are General Dynamics (second place) and Ling Temco Vought, Inc. (tenth place).

But our own Tenneco's growth was by far the most astounding. In 1970, Tenneco was merely the 27th largest defense contractor; this year it is the sixth. According to the Post, Tenneco's success is attributed almost entirely to its acquisition of Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Co. in Virginia, where two nuclear-powered aircraft carriers are being built.

OPERATION BREADBASKET BOYCOTT

Here's a new boycott list from Operation Breadbasket, the economic arm of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

Because, as Breadbasket representative Michael Smith says, these businesses "have been taking money out of the community but not returning any," the organization is asking you not to patronize the following:

Borden's (milk, ice cream, crackers, Elmer's glue); Holiday Inn; White's Stores; Al Parker Buick; Tommie Vaughn Motors; Frank Gillman Pontiac. (The automobile companies named heavily supported George Wallace's last presidential campaign.) Breadbasket is also boycotting Continental Trailways Bus Co., where a black was badly beaten, and Branniff International Airlines, which is reluctant to give out employment information.

It's not always convenient to honor a boycott, but it only works if you do.

NOT THE MAFIA AGAIN!

Shortly after he announced for re-election, Harris County District Attorney Carol Vance told reporters that Houston was in danger of invasion by organized crime and said that he was appointing a special team of prosecutors to work on the matter.

Last week, U. S. Attorney Anthony J. Ferris declared that organized crime is not a problem in Houston.

The last time we were forced to listen to Mafia scare stories was during the last city election, when the good Mayor brought the whole thing up.

SPACE CITY!

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How to Succeed At War Crimes

by Bryan Baker

"Once they go up, who cares where they come down; That's not my department," says Werhner Von Braun.

— from a song by Tom Lehrer

Werhner Von Braun, the German rocket scientist who developed the V-2 (for Hitler) and the Jupiter C (for Eisenhower), was in town last week to talk about the future of the American space program. Which makes this as good a time as any to examine the curious career of one of the world's most successful turncoats.

Prior to Von Braun's press conference last Thursday at the University of Houston, I spent some time in the library poring over his biography in a book called *Men In Space* (Vol. 1). This account was very sympathetic to Werhner, but it was of course impossible to conceal his complicity with the Nazis. Werhner's life story makes interesting reading.

Von Braun was born into an aristocratic German family (his father had been Minister of Agriculture) and his interest in rocketry and space travel began at an early age. As a young man he worked under Herman Oberth at an experimental station which was doing pioneering work in rocketry.

In 1932, during the final days of the Weimar Republic, Von Braun was offered an Army scholarship to the University of Berlin. The Army was very interested in rockets, because they were not forbidden by the Treaty of Versailles (which had placed severe restrictions on the German army, navy, and air force) for the simple reason that in 1919 no one had considered the possibility of using rockets as weapons.

Von Braun accepted the Army's offer, and in November of 1932 became a civilian employee of the Army. Using the Army's facilities at Kammersdorf to prepare his thesis, Von Braun received his doctorate in physics in 1934. By that time, Hitler had been in power for one year.

In 1936 (the year that Hitler occupied the Rhineland) Von Braun began work on the V-2 rocket, under Army supervision. His mentor, Herman Oberth, was transferred to an unimportant job with the Luftwaffe (Air Force) because, as a Rumanian, he was not trusted by the Nazis. The very very German Von Braun became the leader of the project.

The Army specified that the V-2 was to have a range of 160 miles and deliver a one ton warhead. It was a staggering request, coming at a time when rockets were considered toys, or scientific curiosities, but Von Braun proved more than equal to the task. Displaying a genius for organization, Von Braun took only six years to develop a mammoth rocket with a range of 190 miles!

In 1942, the first V-2 was tested, and before the year was out Von Braun and his team were geared up for mass production. The Nazi leadership had great hopes for the V-2, and Goebbel's propaganda ministry spent considerable energy in convincing the German people that the V-1, the V-2, the jet airplane and other "secret weapons" would win the war for Germany. The name V-2 was short for Vergeltungswaffen-2, or "weapon of reprisal"-2, which gives you some idea of where Von Braun's baby fit into the Nazi scheme.

In fact, the V-2 (and the other "secret weapons") went into production too late to be of much material assistance to the Nazis. In August of 1943 British bombers badly damaged Von Braun's experimental station at Peenemunde, following a tip from the Polish underground, and later British and American bombers destroyed most of the V-1 and V-2 launching sites. The biography I consulted tastefully neglected to say how many V-2s were actually launched, or how many people were killed and maimed by them.

In 1944, a few months before the Normandy invasion, Von Braun got into trouble with Heinrich Himmler, chief of the SS. Himmler had approached Von Braun personally, offering to free him from the Army bureaucracy by allowing him to take over the V-2 program. (In the final months of the war, Nazi leaders were engaged in internal struggles, each trying to increase his personal power within the regime.) When Von Braun declined Himmler's offer, the Gestapo



arrested him for treason in March, 1944, but when the commanding Army officer at Peenemunde informed Hitler that the production of V-2 rockets would cease without Von Braun, he and two scientists arrested with him were released. (Much is made of this arrest by those who seek to absolve Von Braun of his war crimes, but the fact is that the charges were trumped up by Himmler. Von Braun himself had done nothing disloyal to the Nazis.)

In 1945, with the Russians nearing Peenemunde, Von Braun saw that the Nazis were finished, and made the decision to surrender to the Americans rather than be taken by the Russians. (Von Braun was not alone in his special fear of the Communists; at a conference in January of 1945, Hitler himself suggested making an alliance with the British and Americans against the advancing Red Army!) Von Braun convinced the SS to disperse his group at Peenemunde and, using forged papers to get through German roadblocks, went with a small group to a Bavarian ski lodge to wait out the war. (He attempted to smuggle 12,000 tons of equipment to the Americans, but this material was intercepted by the Russians.)

After the death of Hitler, Von Braun surrendered to the Americans, who were delighted to get him. (American intelligence had previously worked out a plan, called Operation Paperclip, for capturing as many German scientists as possible.) After a brief interrogation, Von Braun was brought to America; later, in a cloak-and-dagger operation, American agents smuggled his parents out of Russian-occupied Poland.

(It is worth noting that Von Braun is not the only Nazi collaborator to get off scot-free after the war. The Krupp family, arms manufacturers who utilized slave labor in their factories, maintained their fortunes intact. The editor of the Nazi newspaper in Slovakia is now a good American, and is even on the Republican National Committee. See story elsewhere in this issue.)

The father of the V-2 very quickly adapted to life in America, and was allowed to continue his "pioneering" work almost without a break. (He did have to be kept under wraps for a while, lest some die-hard anti-Fascist try to assassinate him.) He even picked up on American ideology, explaining his surrender by saying, "Their traditional disinterest in conquest and their careful system of checks and balances in government offered the highest guarantee that any knowledge we entrusted to them would not be used wantonly." One might wonder why he was not concerned with Hitler's "wanton" use of the "weapon of reprisal" he had designed.

From 1945 until 1960 Von Braun proved himself a model citizen by working tirelessly for the American military. Working with German and American scientists, he developed what is considered the first real space rocket. It was a two-stager, a good-old-American WAC Corporal sitting on top of a good-old-Nazi V-2. Truly an international triumph.

Von Braun was instrumental in the development of American ICBM's, especially the Jupiter C, which, when topped with nuclear warheads, have at last made it possible to destroy all life on the planet within about an hour.

Having thus proven his dedication to the cause of freedom, Von Braun began to be looked upon more as a scientist and less as a Nazi. Even the British, who were to be the primary targets of Von Braun's V-2s, finally came around and awarded him a medal.

Then, in 1960 (three years after Sputnik, one year before Kennedy announced the all-out effort to land an American on the moon) Von Braun left the Army to join NASA. The enemy was the same — Russia — but the criterion for success, had changed from "first-strike capability" to international image. The arms race wasn't over, but the space race was on.

Werhner is now NASA's deputy assistant administrator in charge of planning, with an office in Washington. He is now very respectable; at his press conference at the University of Houston last week, the reporters very politely ignored his war record.

Von Braun stressed the commercial aspects of space exploration, remarking

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Air Board Nixes Agent ORANGE Disposal Here

by Rick Fine

The U.S. Air Force recently proposed destroying 2.3 million gallons of Vietnam's mostly widely used herbicide on the Houston Ship Channel, but the Texas Air Control Board headed 'em off at the pass.

Agent ORANGE, a potent defoliant produced by Dow Chemical Co., has proven to be potentially too harmful for further use in Southern Asia, leaving the Air Force with a \$16.9 million surplus. The Air Force thus made arrangements with Rollins-Purple, Inc., to burn ORANGE at its incinerator near the San Jacinto Battleground, eliciting an uproar from local residents. State Senator Chet Brooks of Pasadena got into the act by urging the air board to reject the plan, noting ingeniously that such shenanigans "would just add to our pollution problem in the ship channel area."

Taking heed accordingly, the air board notified the Air Force that they'd have to find another target. Charles Barden, executive secretary of the air board, explained that there was no way to tell if the incineration emissions would be harmful and that the Air Force had not fully explored other ways of destroying ORANGE.

ORANGE is a 50:50 mixture of n-butyl-2,4-dichlorophenoxyacetate and n-butyl-2,4,5-trichlorophenoxyacetate, each of which is a defoliant in itself. A dark-brown oily liquid, ORANGE is insoluble in water but miscible in oil. ORANGE weighs about 10.75 lbs./gallon and freezes at 45 degrees F. It is noncorrosive, non-explosive and of low volatility, but it does deteriorate rubber.

When sprayed on vegetation, ORANGE penetrates the waxy covering of the leaves and is absorbed into the plant system. Broadleaf plants are highly susceptible to ORANGE, while some grasses are even affected by higher doses. A plant may die within a week or after several months, depending on the plant's age, stage of growth, degree of susceptibility and dose rate.

Since the military applications of ORANGE are based on denying the "enemy" food and concealment, the Army's crop destruction program in Vietnam has been a total flop. Nearly all the food destroyed would actually have been eaten by civilians, particularly the Montagnard tribes of the Central Highlands. It is estimated that from one fifth to one half of South Vietnam's mangrove forests have been utterly destroyed by defoliation, primarily from ORANGE.

About half the trees in the mature hardwood forests north and west of Saigon are dead, and a massive invasion of worthless bamboo threatens to take over the area. Damage to rubber trees has been tragically extensive, reflected in the decline in total yield of rubber. In 1960, 77560

tons of dry rubber were produced. Rubber exports totaled \$48,000,000, or 56 per cent of South Vietnam's total exports that year. In 1967, the yield dropped to 42,510 tons, which, with the devaluation of the piaster, amounted to only \$12,800,000.

The label on ORANGE warns that it should be kept out of the reach of children and animals. Maybe Dow Chemical knows something we don't?

An Army training circular further specifies that ORANGE will remove aircraft paint and walkway coatings. However, no source within the military-industrial complex seems willing to explain the high rate of stillbirths in one heavily sprayed Vietnamese province, nor the increase in two particular kinds of birth defects reported at a large Saigon hospital coinciding with large scale spraying.

In a press conference on Oct. 29, 1969, Dr. Lee A. Dubridge, Nixon's science advisor, announced that the federal government was restricting the use of 2,4,5-T (the more powerful of the two ORANGE ingredients) both in Vietnam and here on the home front. Dubridge quoted a Bionetics Research Laboratories study "which indicated that offspring of mice and rats given relatively large doses of the herbicide during early stages of pregnancy showed a higher than expected number of deformities."

In April, 1970, ORANGE was banned from Vietnam, and a month later 2,4,5-T was banned on food crops, around homes and in water areas.

Scientist-author Thomas Whiteside is one of many scientists who suspect that ORANGE is responsible for Vietnamese birth deformities. In the sprayed areas of Vietnam, much of the drinking water comes from roof-filled cisterns or shallow wells. According to Whiteside, a pregnant woman in an intensely sprayed area drinking two liters of contaminated water a day could absorb almost as much 2,4,5-T as the dosage that deformed one out of every three rat fetuses in Bionetics Research Lab tests. Whiteside bases his figures on a dosage ratio per pound of human and rat body weight.

No less notorious is 2,4-D, the other ingredient in ORANGE. It too has caused deformities in mice litters, and a pesticide study for the Department of Health, Education and Welfare discovered that several esters of 2,4-D "have been judged positive for tumor induction." Locally, the ecologically infamous Army Corps of Engineers is attempting to control aquatic weeds with 2,4-D, which would be sprayed on municipal water supplies such as Lake Houston. Heavy exposure to either 2,4-D, or 2,4,5-T can result in pulmonary constriction, digestive malfunction and bleeding from the mouth.

So last week the Air Force lost a battle over ORANGE, but we've yet to end the war.



Door gunner with M-60 machine gun looking out of Chinook helicopter; the helicopters are heading back to Vietnam after a day of flying re-supply missions to U. S. soldiers in Cambodia. Photo by Robert Scheu/Photon West/LNS.



Chinook hovers over landing zone west of Pielku 10 miles inside Cambodia. Replacement personnel were forced to leap to the ground because of incomplete clearing of the landing zone. Photo by Robert Scheu/Photon West/LNS.

Airwar Widens Over Indochina

The airwar continued to increase last week with American bombers making daily raids over North Vietnam. On Monday of last week, according to the U.S. command, the warplanes attacked anti-aircraft sites in the north in what was described as the heaviest attack in one day since a bombing halt was called Nov. 1, 1968.

Tuesday a record seven strikes were reported in the north. Strikes continued throughout the week while the U.S. Command claimed that there was a massive troop buildup taking place in the north for an assault in the south.

Meanwhile, the South Vietnamese command acknowledged for the first time that its bombers have been flying strikes in Laos since Dec. 1. They reported an average of five to ten strikes a day in that country.

At the same time ground fighting broke out along the Mekong Delta three times last week.

Casualty figures released by the U.S. Command show that an average of about five young Americans are being killed each week.

Chou Slaps Nixon Peace Plan

Chinese Premier Chou En-Lai, speaking only three weeks before Nixon goes to Peking, said that the Indochina war: "must and should continue" if Nixon refuses to modify his eight point peace plan.

According to reports, the Premier was speaking to a group of American

scholars visiting Peking last week. Chou En-Lai was quoted as saying: "If the American government continues to back President Nixon's eight points then it will not be possible to end the war . . . then the popular movement against American aggression will and should continue."

Polaroid in South Africa

How to Support Fascism and Still Keep Your Liberal Friends

"Black South Africans felt that, if nothing could be done to stop the system, Polaroid film could be an asset. They would not have to stand in the sun so long (waiting for their passbook pictures to be taken.) . . . One intellectual told me that the 'pass camera' was good because it only took a few minutes of humiliation to get the picture done."

— Chuck Jones, black member of the Polaroid 'fact finding' team, upon the team's return from South Africa.

The Polaroid Corporation announced on Dec. 30, 1971, its intention to keep distributing its products in South Africa. It declared that, in the time since Jan. 13 of last year, its "anti-apartheid experiment" had "exceeded the expectations of many."

The Polaroid "experiment" was the company's justification for continuing business as usual in South Africa. It came in response to a protest and boycott launched by black workers within the Polaroid Corporation's Cambridge headquarters. The protest brought to public attention the fact that Polaroid, while maintaining a "liberal image" in the United States, had for 30 years been enjoying profitable business relationships in South Africa. These relationships included providing the racist white minority government of South Africa with the Polaroid instant 102 system, used by the government to take pictures for the passbooks which all blacks are forced to carry.

The Polaroid Workers Revolutionary Movement demanded:

- 1) that Polaroid announce a policy of complete disengagement from South Africa;
- 2) that Polaroid announce its position on apartheid publicly in the United States and in South Africa;
- 3) that Polaroid contribute profits earned in South Africa to recognized liberation movements.

In response to these demands, Polaroid launched a slick and costly public relations campaign. It sent four employees, two black and two white, on a 10 day "fact finding mission" to South Africa. Upon their return, Polaroid took out full page advertisements in every major paper in the country, declaring its "abhorrence" of apartheid, but its intention to try to "push the door on South Africa further open, (rather than) close it."

The advertisements stated that Polaroid would not eliminate its business activities in South Africa, but would undertake an "experiment" of

one year's duration, first to improve the wages of non-white workers" and to train them for "important jobs," and second, to financially support educational betterment for blacks, to the tune of \$75,000.

The ads announcing the "experiment" cost Polaroid at least \$100,000 — \$25,000 more than their total commitment to the experiment itself. Now, one year later, it has reported back to the American public on the "success" of its venture.

This "success" requires careful scrutiny.

The Polaroid experiment called for a "dramatic" improvement in non-white wages by its local distributor in South Africa, and the initiation of a "well-defined program to train non-white employees for important jobs within the company."

Polaroid's first claim is that its local distributor, Frank and Hirsch, has "been engaged during the past year in a program of wage and benefit improvement for black employees," and that wages "for black employees have increased an average of 22 per cent during the year."

While average African salaries have gone up, Polaroid has failed to mention that more than one fourth of Frank and Hirsch's black employees still receive an average wage of R58 (\$75) per month, well below the Johannesburg poverty line of R70 (\$91). In addition, Frank and Hirsch continues to hire African clerks at the lowest possible salary allowed by the South African government (which is also below the Johannesburg poverty line). *Financial Mail*, a South African business journal, questions how Polaroid "can justify itself to its U.S. detractors when its distributors still pay some employees the minimum rate allowed by law."

Far more important is the fact that the difference between white and black salaries still remains enormous. Even the top black wage earners in South Africa cannot hope to receive anything close to the average salary given to white wage earners.

But above and beyond the specifics, is that in South Africa, it is *illegal* to promote any significant wage or position improvement for African people. When Polaroid tried, in its first attempt to counter protest, to assert that its distributor in South Africa was an equal opportunity employer, a spokesman for Frank and Hirsch quickly repudied: "I do not know where they could have obtained such a statement. We are governed by the laws of the country. Would they allow the existence of such a policy? It is impossible." (Johannesburg Star, Nov. 21, 1970).

In South Africa, it is *against the law* for any black man to occupy a position senior to any white man in the country. The Minister of Labour, Marais Viljoen, asserted vehemently during the height of the Polaroid crisis last year, that he would "act within hours" if a white worker anywhere in South Africa were placed under the authority of a non-white. The appointment by Frank and Hirsch of eight additional African "supervisors" is ludicrous tokenism at best, and the limits to this tokenism remain openly and sharply drawn by the racist white minority government of South Africa.

The other half of the Polaroid "experiment" has to do with contributing to the education of blacks — which Polaroid declared last January to be the "key to change in South Africa." Toward this end, Polaroid boasts of having contributed \$10,000 to the U.S.-South Africa Leadership Exchange Program, which brought two blacks — a librarian and a clinical psychologist — to the United States this year. In addition, \$15,000 was contributed to a "black organized and operated institution," the Association for Educational and Cultural Advancement (ASSECA), and \$50,000 to the American-South African Educational Trust (ASSET).

Polaroid does *not* tell us that the Leadership Exchange Program might have added two token blacks to its rostrum, but that its board remains controlled by whites, and that the overwhelming majority of the people it chooses to send to the United States are whites, many of whom are advocates of the racist policies of the South African government. Polaroid does *not* bother to clarify that ASSECA and ASSET are not institutions that may act autonomously to promote educational programs over which the government has no control.

Most fundamentally, Polaroid *does not* and *cannot* deal with the fact that in South Africa, all black education is under the direct control of the government. It is the law in South Africa that all African education *must* be education for servitude. The government's Bantu Education Act states explicitly that the "Bantu (the black)" must be guided to serve his own country. There is no place for him in the European community above the level of certain forms of labour."

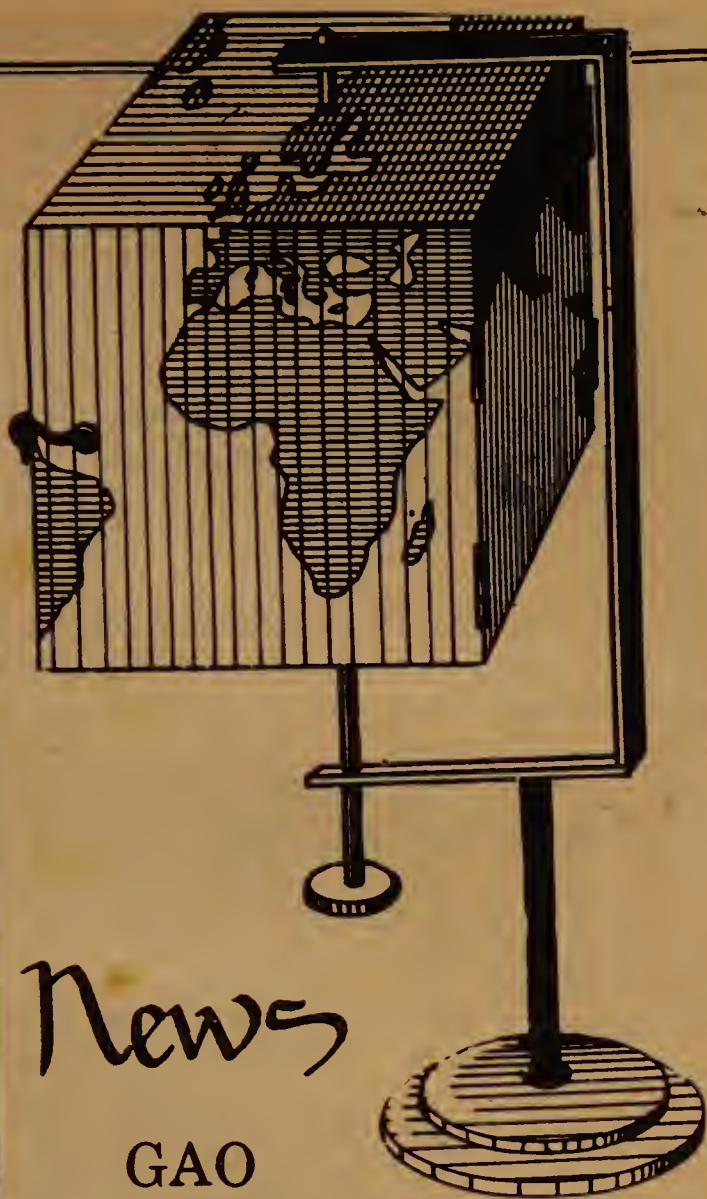
The man under whose aegis this act was passed, Hendrik Verwoerd, former Prime Minister of South Africa, stated his intention in plain language: "I will reform it (the educational system for Africans) so that Natives will be taught from childhood to realize that equality with Europeans is not for them."

Any amount of money Polaroid gives, be it \$75,000 or 75 million dollars, only serves to aid the South African government in more efficiently educating South African blacks toward inferiority. Polaroid has systematically refused to acknowledge these facts.

The real "successor," the real significance of the Polaroid "experiment," is its development of a new public relations facade. Behind the facade, over 300 American corporations operating in South Africa can continue to support a government that has institutionalized racism, and to reap profits from a system which has made the humiliation of human beings by their fellow human beings a way of life. We can expect in the near future, to see other American corporations, corporations with a large stake in South Africa, such as General Motors, launch their own "experiments," equally meaningless for black South Africans.

African liberation movements, and countless United Nations committees which have studies on South African racism, have called for economic withdrawal as a means of beginning to weaken the base of South Africa's white ruling elite. During World War II, trading with the Nazis was considered a crime. Collusion with the South African fascists, in any form, is no more justifiable than was collusion with the Nazis. The Polaroid Workers Revolutionary Movement has called for a continuation of the boycott against all Polaroid products.

— Africa Research Group
Cambridge, Mass.



News

GAO Snitches on Defense

West Pakistan got U.S. military aid during the war with the east, according to the General Accounting Office.

U.S. Air Force planes delivered more than \$500,000 worth of military spare parts to West Pakistan following the Pakistani crackdown against its eastern province. This is contrary to Defense Department denials.

The shipments, including parts for American-supplied F104 jet fighter planes in the Pakistani air force, were flown aboard aircraft of the Military Airlift Command "on a priority basis," the GAO reported last Saturday. The Air Force had stated in July, 1971, that it was not shipping to Pakistan.

Nark Satellite To Be Tested

CAPE KENNEDY, Fla. (LNS) — Sometimes it seems as if narcotics agents are everywhere. At your school, at your job, flying over the earth in satellites. Flying in satellites? Although this sounds far-fetched now, in May or June it will become reality as the first satellite is launched from Cape Kennedy to test the effectiveness of sensors of locating marijuana fields.

The government proposes to test the plan by growing three experimental pot fields — one in moderate-climated Texas, one in arid Arizona and one in warm humid Florida. Then airplanes with sensors will fly over the fields, trying to determine the changes in heat and light reflection of pot plants in different stages of growth and different climates. The information will be supplied to the satellites, who are also supplied with sensors, and the satellites will search for growing marijuana as well as their usual job of surveying resources such as minerals, water supplies, fighting grounds, and arable land.

Educational Toys Returned

A Hong Kong toy manufacture, who apparently keeps a finger on the American pulse, sent over a shipment of toy sets containing a plastic gun, hand grenade and knife, according to the Militant.

The name of the game was "Shoot the Cops." While the sets did not violate any law, the FDA reports, the importer voluntarily rejected them.

Muskie Booed At Wisconsin

At the University of Wisconsin last week, Sen. Edmond Muskie was booed, hissed and pelted with wads of paper as he brought his presidential campaign there. Many students shouted, "Stop the bombing now!" as Muskie reprimanded them for their tactics.

Kent State Defendant Sentenced

RAVENNA, Ohio (LNS) — Jerry Rupe, the only person convicted by trial in connection with the 1970 disorders at Kent State University, has been sentenced to six months in jail.

Rupe, 24, was convicted Nov. 30 of interfering with a fireman during the burning of the Kent State ROTC building on May 2, 1970.

Judge Edwin Jones, who sentenced Rupe, specified the sentence will run concurrently with a 10-to-20 year sentence Rupe is to serve on a "unrelated" drug charge.

Oil Spill Offenders Get Token Fine

SANTA BARBARA, Calif. (LNS) — It was just about three years ago that crude oil came gushing up from a ruptured well under the Santa Barbara Channel, causing one of California's first and biggest oil spills.

No one still knows the exact cost of the disaster in terms of the damage done to the area's environment and wildlife but recently Santa Barbara court Judge Morton L. Barker wrote out his own price tag — a mere \$500 in criminal penalties for the oil companies involved: Union Oil, Mobil, Texaco and Gulf.

Under a section of the Fish and Game code which makes pollution of coastal waters a criminal misdemeanor, the four oil companies had been charged with 343 violations apiece making a total possible fine of \$812,000 each.

But for some reason, Barker thought the companies had "suffered sufficiently." He said that to date, some \$6 million worth of civil suits have been settled and that Union Oil has spent \$10.5 million to clean up tarred beaches.

And more suits are still to be settled, namely \$500 million demanded by the state of California and the county and city of Santa Barbara in civil damages. However, there has been no indication that the suit will ever be settled.

District Attorney David Minier, who is appealing Barker's decision to a higher court, termed the \$500 penalty "outrageous," and compared the judge's ruling to letting a drunken driver off with only a nominal fine after he has paid the hospital — or funeral — costs.

Oh, By The Way

In San Francisco last week, two physicists have reported development of a powerful new laser beam that some scientists speculate could lead to the death ray gun of the future.

You Ain't Nothing But A Running Dog

WASHINGTON (LNS) — Elvis Presley, the great rock singer whose defiant style helped signal the beginnings of youth rebellion in the middle fifties, has been given a special honorary federal narcotics badge by order of President Nixon.

According to columnist Jack Anderson, Elvis is a police fan who collects police badges and has donated thousands of dollars to law enforcement charities.

Deputy Narcotics Director John Finlator had invited Presley to tour the Narcotics Bureau offices, in hope of enlisting his influence in the never-ending anti-drug battle. Presley, eager to score a new addition for his badge collection, asked Finlator if he could be given a Narcotics Bureau badge. Finlator explained that, unfortunately, that was impossible.

Elvis swallowed his disappointment, but later, while speaking to President Nixon, he asked the President if maybe he could arrange it. Nixon said "of course" and immediately had a

Narcotics Bureau badge ordered for Elvis. In his excitement, the singer hugged Nixon. When Finlator arrived to bring Elvis the badge, and promised to issue him special "consultant" credentials, Elvis was reportedly overcome with emotion.

U.S. Moves on Seattle Seven

The U.S. government moved last Monday to renew legal proceedings against the Seattle Seven. The case concerns seven young people whose citations for contempt of court during a federal conspiracy trial were overturned by the ninth U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals.

Former U.S. District Court Judge George Boldt declared their trial in Tacoma a mistrial in December 1970 and issued summary contempt of court citations following a disruption during the trial. The contempt citations were overturned by the appeals court last November and the cases ordered returned to the western Washington district for further proceedings. The U.S. Attorney will now try to have them held in contempt again.

UFWOC Picketer Killed

Eighteen year old Nan Freeman died Tuesday, Jan. 18, when she was struck by a truck while picketing with striking Cuban farm workers at the Talisman Sugar Company in Belle Glade, Florida.

"To some, she is a young girl who lost her life in a tragic accident," said United Farm Workers Organizing Committee leader Cesar Chavez at the union's La Paz California headquarters. "To us, she is a sister who picketed in the middle of the night because of her love for justice. To us, Nan Freeman is 'kadosha,' a holy person, to be honored and remembered for as long as farm workers struggle for justice."

Nan was struck by the second trailer of a strikebreaking sugar can truck as it pulled away from the picketing area to enter the Talisman property.

The driver had stopped to speak to pickets and take one of their leaflets. Strike leader Jose Romero managed to push another student volunteer to safety.

The Talisman strike, which was about two weeks old at the time of Nan's death, had been disorganized at first. In an effort to recruit strikebreakers, the company inadvertently transported some UFWOC members from Texas to Belle Glade.

When the union members saw that an attempt had been made to trick them into strikebreaking, they refused to cross the picket line and suggested that the Cuban workers join UFWOC and organize their strike. UFWOC organizer Manuel Chavez was called, and the Talisman workers quickly signed up.

Nan Freeman and fellow students from the New College of Sarasota arrived soon after to help with picketing. Nan and her family had been active in UFWOC boycott activities in her home of Wakefield, Mass.

Talsiman is owned by William S. Pauly, founder of the World War II "Flying Tigers". Pauly, an ambassador to Brazil and Peru during the Truman years, has given assistance to anti-Castro Cuban exile organizations.

— UFWOC



ABOVE: British soldiers detain a Catholic boy in Derry in order to search him.
BELOW: British soldiers retrieve the body of one of their riflemen. He was shot in the head when he ran down the street to investigate a pipe-bomb explosion.
Photos by Donald McGullin/LNS.

Bloody Sunday Massacre Sparks Fierce Resistance in Ulster

*All is changed, changed utterly,
A terrible beauty is born.*

— W.B. Yeats
on the Easter 1916 massacre of Irish
patriots by the British.

DERRY, Northern Ireland (LNS) — “MURDER!” “MASSACRE!” “SAVAGERY!” — and finally “REVENGE!” The angry cries of an entire community faced with 13 dead people — 13 bodies lying on the streets of Derry in pools of their own and their brothers blood. They were shot down on Sunday, Jan. 30, by British paratroopers determined to break up a demonstration of more than 20,000 people protesting the internment of 800 people without trial by the British army

in Northern Ireland.

Sixteen others were wounded, one of whom later died, raising the toll to 14.

The Sunday massacre was the worst single incident in the three-year civil rights struggle by Northern Ireland's Catholics. In a struggle that has resulted in 218 deaths so far — the majority of them Catholics — the 14 deaths mark the turning point. Many on both sides are predicting that the final line between peace and war has been crossed.

Although 14 people were killed on Aug. 11, 1971, the day after the policy of internment was announced, some of those were British troops. And, most of those deaths were the

result of struggle in the streets of Belfast.

On “Bloody Sunday,” the situation was different. Nearly 20,000 people had gathered for a peaceful protest against the internment policies and similar legislation. And though the march and rally defied the government ban on all demonstrations, the express policy of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (NICRA) was to avoid violence. Many feel that in this case there was no struggle, only slaughter.

The first bullets hit the wall behind the speakers' platform, and the speakers, including Bernadette Devlin, Member of Parliament from Ulster, and

Lord Brockaway, English lord and supporter of the civil rights movement, threw themselves down on the platform. The thousands of others in the crowd scattered in a vain attempt to escape.

Some tried to help the wounded and were shot down. “I threw myself on my face and crawled back to the wounded boy. I gave him the last rites of the church and then lay beside him. I don't know how long the firing lasted but it seemed like ages. They shot indiscriminately and everywhere around them without any provocation,” said the Rev. Edward Daley.

An observer to the medical examiner's autopsies reported that at least four of the dead had been shot in the back — witnesses including Mrs. Bridgett Barnes, NICRA leader in Derry, report seeing British troops line four young men up against the wall in a search position and then shoot them in the back. Another older man walked toward the troops with his hands above his head in surrender and was gunned down.

Spokesmen for the army claim that they were shot at first, yet they can produce no weapons in evidence. They insist that the shots came from the rooftop of a row of apartments. But if the troops had been returning sniper-fire their shots would have come nowhere near the crowd, which was well out of the line between the roof and the troops.

In the week following the massacre a wave of anti-British sentiment swept throughout Northern Ireland and down into the Republic of Ireland as well. The generally conciliatory Dublin government recalled its Ambassador to Britain on Monday. It was clear however, on Wednesday, that the people of the Republic didn't feel that this gesture was enough, especially when it was with the threat of a greater crackdown on the IRA by Republic President Jack Lynch.

In an incredible display of anger, more than 30,000 people gathered in front of the British embassy in Dublin and burned it to the ground. The 200 Irish police could do nothing as the crowd prevented the fire trucks from reaching the \$250,000 Georgian mansion.

Strikes shut down industries and businesses throughout the North and South. A general strike in the north was supported 100 per cent by the minority population, according to Ivan Barr, Chairman of NICRA. Telephone operators refused to put calls through to Britain.

Dockworkers in Irish ports and in Australia as well refused to unload British ships. Many factory workers refused to show up for work as a sign of their protest.

More violent forms of protest can be expected. “There is only hatred in our hearts now,” said Daniel Doherty, a 42-year-old telephone engineer. “If every Catholic in Derry was given a gun today he would join the IRA.”

Violence even hit a meeting of the British Parliament. Bernadette Devlin rushed the podium and attacked British Home Secretary Reginald Maudling as he defended the performance of the paratroopers. He had refused to let her speak although she had been an eyewitness to the massacre. She threw herself on him and began scratching his face and tearing at his hair, calling him a “murdering liar”. Later she said she was “sorry — sorry I didn't get him by the throat”.

Although Bernadette is an activist leader, her sentiments were echoed by the people in the streets. “I am not a violent person. Before Sunday, a life was a life and I didn't care whether it was Catholic or Protestant or British or what. But now if they executed 13 British soldiers every morning until doomsday it wouldn't bother me,” said Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell who had watched the shootings from her window in the nearby apartments.

Dope & Dopers In Houston

This is the first in a series of columns that will deal with questions and information on the Houston dope scene. The information comes from the members of the collective at Inlet Drug Crisis Center and we hope the questions come from the readers. If you have questions about dope you'd like to see answered in Space City! send them to: Dope Column, c/o Inlet, 708 Hyde Park, Houston, 77006, or call 526-5873. We'd also appreciate any information you have on good or bad dope in town.

THC; There's a lot of what's purported to be THC on the streets right now. THC, or tetrahydrocannabinol, is one of the active ingredients in grass. It can be both extracted and synthesized but it is extremely expensive to do so. It is rarely available on the street and this isn't one of those times.

What's being sold as THC is in reality low grade acid if you're lucky, but more often it's PCP. PCP is also called sernyl. It's an animal tranquilizer and not a very good trip from most reports. Some people don't get off to it at all, some people have really bad body trips and for others it becomes a general bad trip in which one loses all control over his reaction. THC is usually a smooth and very enjoyable trip, PCP is not. If you're not into trying PCP for yourself then be careful what you buy.

ORANGE SUNSHINE: There are two types of "Orange Sunshine" that we've heard of on the street in the last week. Neither are the fabled Orange Sunshine of early California days. One kind, a large flat tab seems to be fairly good acid. The only complaints we've heard are from people not accustomed to such pure stuff. It's a little stronger than most of the stuff we see around

here. If you haven't tripped much or haven't had any heavy stuff lately approach with caution.

The other "Orange Sunshine" is a small barrel tab and is very impure. It has a lot of bad body affects and several people have shown mild strychnine poisoning symptoms. The acid content is low but the garbage content is high — stay away from it.

CLEAR LIGHT or WINDOWPANE: This usually good acid has been getting a bad reputation of late. Because there is no need to cut acid with anything when it is put on small pieces of plastic for sale, Windowpane is usually a good bet but caution has to be taken in handling it. Apparently some that has been on the streets lately has been handled carelessly, leading people to feel they have been burned. Windowpane should be kept carefully away from direct sunlight or high temperatures. It should not be allowed to get wet or even damp and that's hard to do in this climate. Also handling may rub the acid off the plastic. If you score from a usually reliable dealer and don't come on, then you or someone before you has probably handled the Windowpane badly. Better luck next time.

Next issue we'll talk about Quaalude and try to answer any questions that come in. If you can help us to warn people about any rip-offs in town please don't forget to do so.

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Quaalude & Dr. Wonderful

Have you noticed some of your friends not making very much sense lately or nodding out during parties, meetings or simple conversations?

Well, if you have and if you've been looking for something or someone to thank, look no farther. All of this goodness is the result of a wonderful little pill called Quaalude and much of it's coming from an even more wonderful doctor who wishes to remain anonymous, very anonymous.

Even someone as shy as this deserves to be recognized, though. After all, look at all he's done for Houston, not to mention the movement. Until a few months ago there were few people in Houston who even knew about Quaalude, a sedative-hypnotic, commonly known as "the downer." One of the interesting features to be noted about this particular drug is that it is not a barbiturate, so even doctors who have had their barbiturate licenses revoked (like our Dr. Wonderful) can continue to make a living and make people happy at the same time.

The real value of Quaalude, though, is the affect it has on people who might otherwise be disenchanted or generally

unhappy with our present social conditions. After taking Quaalude these people soon realize the enormous amounts of energy it would take to change things and the great deal of planning and care that are involved in relating to others. Quaalude makes it immediately possible to blow off this type of dangerous revolutionary thought and activity and become better socially adjusted.

The regular user of Quaalude can look forward to getting his pleasures from small things like, say, not falling down the stairs or if he is very lucky, not running his car into anything.

Our shy doctor didn't feel that just turning people on to the knowledge of this wonderful drug was enough, so he arranged to turn large numbers on to the drug itself. For a mere \$15 you can buy a supply of Quaalude worth almost \$1.50. How, you may ask, is this possible? Well, the good Doctor talks to his patients over the phone (no need to see them since they all want the same thing) and then sends them to a sympathetic pharmacist, who is also shy, and they split what's left of your \$15 (which

is most of it) after the cost of the Quaalude.

Of course, you may wonder why our wonderful friends the doctor and pharmacist keep so much of our money for themselves. You must consider that their great desire to help us fit into our society and better adjust to ourselves as people must be balanced against the fact that what they're doing could not only cause them to be looked upon with disfavor by those who would withhold from us the full benefits of the American drug industry, but might also endanger them with those elements of our society who would have us misuse our natural energy for such destructive ends as changing the wonderful world in which we live. [Ed. note: Whew!]

I'm here to say, Thank you Dr. Wonderful and thank all your wonderful friends in the drug industry, organized crime and quasi-legal medical practice for giving us both an outlet for our money and a way of avoiding all the radical behavior and righteous outrage that would surely result if we weren't able to close our eyes to the world around us through the use of wonderful drugs like Quaalude.

A SALE :

- '69 Alpine GT. Clean, \$875.
- '66 VW Bug Special, \$395.
- '67 VW Bus Deluxe, 9 passenger, 54,000 miles, \$975
- '63 Chevrolet 1/2 ton LWB pickup, 4 speed, \$450.
- '65 Chevrolet El Camino, Air, V8, Standard, \$275.
- '66 VW, Dark green, Nice, \$475.
- '69 Rambler 2 door "6", automatic, sharp, \$725.
- '64 Ford van, 6 cylinder, clean, \$475
- Three '70 Sabaru's, 50 miles to the gallon, \$675.
- '70 Datsun, Red, \$1075.

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DEALER'S LEASING

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How to "Do it!"

by Tom Miller

There are a lot of small pamphlets in circulation these days which should be as widely distributed as the latest Atlantic release, but for obvious reasons aren't. They are highly informative, cheap, aesthetic and usually personable. Although they're political on one level or another, rhetoric is kept to a minimum. These pamphlets are printed by the folks who wrote them or people close to them, so nothing is lost in the transition, as, say, it might from manuscript to book form.

Street Sheets Greatest Hits! comes to us from the Bay Area National Lawyers Guild in San Francisco. It is a 28 page handbook about how to act and react in run-ins with cops, judges, jailers and District Attorneys. It quotes odd couplings from John Mitchell to Kim Il Sung.

The pamphlet is a well produced compilation of street sheets the Guild put out on the best way to avoid worse trouble than you're already headed for. Neighborly tips on gun and dope laws, technical restrictions on cops, warrants, streets, arms, mail and bail.

It answers questions you'd never ask your family lawyer, facts you need to know if you're contemplating the smallest illegality. And the illustrations in it are just fine.

This legal first aid booklet is available from the Guild office at 197 Steiner St. in San Francisco, or from People's Press who printed it at 968 Valencia St. in the same city. Twenty-five cents a copy, bulk rates cheaper.

Next is the *Movement Security Kit*, a tidy package of advice on how to deal with paranoia on a real level. The \$1 kit includes a neatly produced pamphlet, "Notes on Security," as well as reprints of articles published elsewhere on how to detect undercover informers (is that redundant?), propaganda on grand juries, tips on how to survive as a fugitive and a field manual on how to keep surveillance on suspects, lifted from a real live government spy.

"Notes on Security" says a lot of the same stuff that the Lawyers Guild pamphlet does, but isn't restricted to legal advice. It gives you common sense details on all aspects of mass arrest, searches and seizures, demonstration tactics, planning for the inevitable emergencies, false ID, phone booth telephone numbers, address books and so forth.

Undercover agents abound in and on the periphery of every movement or sympathetic group. Ferreting these clowns out can be difficult, and no method is foolproof. There are ways of detecting many of them, though, which includes everything from formal background checks to bad breath. Acid tests aren't always conclusive, nor is clothing, accent or sincerity; these can be faked.

Unfortunately, undercover cops are a bit more sophisticated these days than Chicago '68 when they'd go into crowds with bulges in their pockets, flattops on their heads, sunglasses on their snouts and a jovial "Hi! What's happening!" on their tongues. In fact, most agents now blend into the environment, which may be ecologically sound, but politically disastrous. See that guy with the long hair over there in the middle of that group? He's the undercover pig. That's a joke, get it?

The grand jury info sheet is valuable, but somewhat outdated. Federal grand juries have taken up the investigative role of the FBI during the last year,

and people from Venice Calif. to Boston are still developing street and legal tactics to respond to this threat.

For months I was writing about the Federal Grand Jury meeting in Tucson, ending most articles by saying beware - there's no telling who may get the next subpoena to testify. Not only was this an obvious and almost trite way to end the articles, but it proved self-prophetic - U.S. Federal Marshall John Seggie stopped me on the street one day last July and handed me a subpoena to appear before the very same grand jury panel. The chances of anyone reading this getting a subpoena are not high, but it's worth knowing about the background and operations of these inquisition circuses.

The tips for a would-be fugitive should also be in your arsenal. After you've read it, pass it on to friends and instruct them to do likewise. The tips are little more than what you should develop as common sense precautions to take if you must go underground.

True Believers who need social advice write Dear Abby or Amy Vanderbilt; potential fugitives should read this leaflet. It gives you etiquette tips on how to address mail, receive letters, make phone calls, contact people, set up rendezvous posts and other points of decorum with which every fugitive

should be familiar. Seemingly innocuous things like tossing an empty beer can out the window or hitching with dope have resulted in fugitives being picked up.

When it appeared I would probably spend a year in jail for refusing to tell the grand jury anything, I was amazed when acquaintances - not friends - would come up to me and ask if I was "going underground." Sometimes I wanted to spit out *Yes! and you're the only one I'm telling!* What do they expect, that you go to some building, hop in the elevator and push the "down" button for life? The Movement Security Kit can be obtained from Resist, 763 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

So much for would-be fugitives. We now move to the real thing. No, not Coke; The Weather Underground. Two years ago the Wilkerson home in Greenwich Village blew up, along with some of the occupants. The survivors and many of their compatriots disappeared, as it were, from view. Most, if not all were facing very stiff trials on a variety of charges, all stemming directly or indirectly from their political feelings. Rather than face trial, why not instead destroy the institutions bringing them to trial, and in the process propagate a better way to live together? In short, they went

underground.

Whenever the Weather Underground performed a public service, instead of writing home about it, they explained it publicly in the form of letters and tapes sent to media and sympathetic groups. Ten of their communications have been reprinted in a 48-page pamphlet published by the Liberated Guardian, called *Outlaws of Amerika - communiques from the weather underground*.

Seeing them all in one booklet gives a new and different perspective on guerilla emotions, actions and rationales. The sources, contrary to popular opinion, are not all Bernardine Dohrn. I mean, she doesn't hold a copyright on the word Weatherman; she doesn't clear all communiques for release. Goddamn, this isn't a style manual for underground communiques or anything, it simply demonstrates and documents how one front of revolutionary activity develops.

From the introduction by the Liberated Guardian Collective: "We publish this pamphlet in the hope that reading the communiques together will remind the overground both of its responsibilities to the underground in this country and to the world revolution. In order for an underground to exercise its full effect, it

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Surprise, surprise! Columbia has begun sending records to us. My long overdue reviews of Poco, Sly, Bob Dylan's Greatest Hits II are coming soon. Since all three have been out a while my remarks will be confined to overall evaluations. I'm deluged with new releases and so have created an elite corps of crack specialists. Scout Schact will be reporting from the folk scene and the mad worlds of Takoma records. Tom Flowers is expected to bog in with solid verbiage on the British rock scene while travelin' Mike Fletcher makes some trenchant observations regarding the latest James Cotton release. The usual blitherings from yours truly will be reduced; bloody but unbowed. Without Further Ado!

United Artists has released the first four sets of their Legendary Masters Series. All are double albums with plentiful supplementary pictures, statistics and notes by prominent rock critics of this era. Lenny Kaye, Ed Ward, Greg Shaw, and Dave Marsh, Fats Domino, Jan & Dean, Eddie Cochran and Ricky Nelson kick off the series in 'tuff fashion.

The sets sell for \$7 each. I can't recommend one above the other; your taste should determine your own choice. I will note that Jan & Dean's set includes a chart telling which car and which girl each went with at the time. Fats' folder is 12 pages long and the recordings cover a dozen year span. Eddie Cochran, who died 11½ years ago in an auto wreck is still revered in England where to this day there is an Eddie Cochran Memorial Society. Eddie wrote "Summertime Blues" and presents 30 tunes here that show a most versatile style and a musicianship equal to any of the better known current names. If you have no preferences among the artists I'd recommend this album as the best all around.

Martin Robert Cerf of UA gets the credit for the series concept. For the rock'n rollers who missed these artist the first time around here is a good way to get a lot of the highlights of the last 16 years without any of the bummers. The photo of Eddie Cochran and Gene Vincent in full "hood" regalia sneering at each other should be made into a poster.

*JoJo Gunne *** Asylum (Distributed by Atco) *** S1 16m 34s S2 16m 17s*
JoJo Gunne features Jay Ferguson and Mark Andes late of Spirit. Their gun emits basic high energy rock with a fair amount of finesse. A quartet, they pound their tunes out quite tightly. Steppenwolf's drive is incorporated into some of the progressions and lead guitar which infused Spirit's recordings. They slow down some on "Flying Home," a pleasing guitar song with really slippery picking by Matthew Andes. Curley Smith pounds the tight skins.

"JoJo Gunne" is the name of an old Chuck Berry tune about a monkey who didn't get back. Good first album. 87

*Hands of Jack the Ripper *** Lord Sutch and Heavy Friends *** Cotillion (Distributed by Atco) *** S1 19m 33s S2 17m 36s*

We all need humor. Some of us may have a little eccentricity worked into our joke boxes. Such people consider the Ox-Bow Incident light comedy and no doubt thought the tower sniper was just being sporting. *The Hands of Jack the Ripper* is for this crowd. The cover is a really fetching shot of Lord Sutch in a crowded crypt snarling at you in a red cape and armed with the expected dripping blade. Sutch claims to be the fifth Earl of Harrow and has been rockin' England with cover versions of Jerry Lee Lewis, Chuck Berry and Little Richard since 1961. According to the same Martin Robert Cerf cited in the new United Artist Series, Sutch was "the first rock and roll English star to have long, long hair all the way back in 1961." He ran for Parliament in 1964 and was a pioneer in Britain's pirate radio epidemic.

The liner notes go on to say Lord Sutch was high-ho-dad of the English rock school (compared to John Mayall, headmaster of blues U.) His Heavy Friends here include Keith Moon, Matthew Fisher, Noel Redding, Ritchie Blackmore and some folks from *Jesus Christ Superstar*. "(And others that we were not allowed to list for legal reasons.)"

Sutch teases his "live" audience by asking if they would like to see Jack the Ripper return. Sidesplitting. LS proceeds to work over "Good Golly Miss Molly," "Great Balls of Fire," "Johnny B Goode" and a medley of Little Richard. Since he has been playing these tunes for 12 years he has them down fairly well by now. His "heavy friends" may not have the common sense to avoid the situation but they are good musicians. Lord Sutch worked 18 months on this record the text says, a rather odd circumstance for a "live" album. Maybe I don't understand English humor, perhaps I have no taste, but I don't think it's at all cool to revere the memory of a savage killer who disemboweled women. Lord Sutch is too much for me. Murder just doesn't tickle my funnybone.

6 feet under 0

*Jamming with Edward *** Rolling Stones Records *** Distributed by Atco *** S1 18m 45s S2 18m 02s*

Lineup: Nicky Hopkins, Mick Jagger, Charlie Watts, Bill Wyman and Ry Cooder. Glyn Johns who was chief engineer back in the fall of 1969 when *Let it Bleed* was being recorded made some tapes of the playing on a few occasions when Keith Richard was elsewhere. Now in 1972 the tape is called *Jamming With Edward*. Without Keith and Mick Taylor around the overdrive powerflow is gone. In its gap Ry & Nicky pull the focus to a more downhome blues. Mick is in fine voice and you can definitely hear the Stones' trademarks all over the sound.

A rip-off cover and no session info make this a real cheapie production number. The recording quality is fair. Some really good harmonica here, I assume from Mick. The jamming format sacrifices precision for musical looseness and there are moments where everyone keeps on playing the same thing over and over while waiting for someone to take off. It sounds a lot like the first Stills-Kooper super session trip but that's not so bad, I don't guess. It seems that the Stones are into giving out a new album every 1½ years or so; I suppose we have to get along on this type of thing to fill in the lonely hours in between. Maybe we could start having their practice sessions taped too.

1971 was a pivotal year for Mick. He married a Nicaraguan socialite, became a father and was named to the ten-best dressed list. Quite a climb for the leader of a group that once prided itself on its scruffy appearance and anti-establishment antics. Several questions come to mind: Like, hasn't Mick now moved from the street corner tough phase right into the class of monied establishment. Best-dressed rock singers don't particularly like to get their hands dirty but that's all right maybe it will be a clean revolution? But never mind that. The record is good and eminently buyable. 94

P l a t t e r

*All the Good Times *** Nitty Gritty Dirt Band *** United Artists *** S1 22m 12s S2 21m 03s*

The Dirt Band will make you happy. An ethnic Poco with virtuosity substituted for high energy. What the Grateful Dead are to acid rock, the Dirt Band is to country-rock. No one works harder in performance, no group save for Rat Creek is as versatile. All the Good Times is 43 minutes from five guys who love music and who live to play it for you. They work their butts off for an audience and I love them. You won't find many finer groups or many better records than this. Buy it and let the Dirt Band park in your mind. 95

Sizzling items after a night on the town
Liberty Hall packed the house for Potliquor and Piano John on Saturday and then announced a fantastic week of shows culminating in the appearance this Sunday, Feb. 13, of Doctor John, the night tripper. He will be appearing with Rufus Jagneaux, who will also play Saturday. Thursday and Friday will bring another fine show with Goose Creek Symphony and Greasy Wheels from Austin. Earl Scruggs blew the place apart at a Saturday show at U of H. And the Old Quarter got a taste of that old time religion when the Jesus Freaks stole the stage and successfully held it for two hours. Never a dull moment

— John M. Lomax

* * * * *

*James Cotton Blues Band ***** Taking Care of Business ***** CAPITOL ST-814*

The last time I saw James Cotton, he was diverging from the blues into alternate forms of music and stage presentation. In Austin two years ago, he shared the bill with Johnny Winter; and he tried, quite unsuccessfully, to play James Brown-type material complete with the mashed potatoes. At the concert end, however, Johnny Winter asked James Cotton to jam with some blues. They were the perfect complement to each other as they did a few Muddy Waters' numbers and Sonny Boy Williamson's "Dealin' with the Devil."

This LP presents several "blues-rock" numbers, written by the producers



Chatter

Todd Rundgren and Mark Klingman. Songs such as "Good-bye My Lady" are neither James Brown nor blues (nor anything in between!); yet I enjoyed listening to this venture of James Cotton outside the world of the blues.

Small wonder! A glance at the credits assures the listener that this record was destined to sound good. The lead guitarists in various combinations (permutations?) include Matt Murphy (a veteran bluesman, having worked with virtually all of the Chicago blues stars, from Lonnie Johnson to Willie Dixon), Mike Bloomfield, and Johnny Winter.

Johnny Winter? Johnny Winter certainly was a surprise to me. He puts all of the Blue Goose bottlenecks to shame when he accompanies Cotton on Muddy Waters' "She Moves Me." Cotton sings with all of the years of the Waters' band behind him, and he blows an unamplified "country blues" harp with uncommon musicianship.

On another track written by Bloomfield, "Georgia Swing" (seems to be distantly related to Blind Willie McTell's "Georgia Rag"), Winter and Bloomfield take the opportunity to jam in a happy piece of electric-ragtime-blues, while Cotton decorates the number with his vocals.

Another outstanding blues is "Nose Open," written by Matt Murphy. Strangely enough, Bloomfield plays the lead; but Murphy proves himself as a powerful blues writer, in contrast to his usual work as a sideman-guitarist.

There is one soul-gospel song, "Can't Live Without Love," which Cotton is very apt at vocalizing; and he improvises his harp-work very well on a Bob Dylan song, "Long Distance Operator."

Capitol is usually notorious for botching up blues LP's; but James Cotton seems to have spent some time familiarizing himself with this new material to prove to listeners that the blues is complex enough as a music to serve as a foundation for new musical forms.

— Michael Fletcher

King Crimson * * * * Islands

Here is what I call a production album. The music on *Islands* is typical King Crimson: it consists of many fragments put together to form a fragmented whole held together by good production. To get by with another semi-musical album, King Crimson say they are avant-garde, but for the most part they are boring.

About the only cuts that aren't outright lullabys are "Ladies of the Road," a bawdy tune wrapped around a short but unnecessary guitar solo and "Sailor's Tale." The latter is a nine minute instrumental that is certainly the high point of "Islands." If King Crimson could put together an entire album with the musical quality of "Sailor's Tale" they really would have something. Unfortunately, they don't.

Yes * * * * Fragile

The first three albums by Yes, especially their third, created a receptive atmosphere for their fourth LP, *Fragile*. Their music has captured a quality that is both light and heavy and the production has been good.

Fragile should take Yes to the top of many folks' record stacks. It is a great record, easily one of the best releases of the year. The music is sophisticated, with many changes in meter and direction somewhat reminiscent of Zappa's work but with totally serious vocal and lyrical treatments that perfectly complement their impeccable musicianship. This band is so together, so personally stylistic, that they can't be overlooked. To top it off, the production and recording are of the highest quality.

The sound is applied in layers and with a depth that gives it a suspended, airy quality not unlike that which the Moody Blues usually capture. Technically, this album is A-1 material. Musically, there is not a dull bar. There are a lot of complexities, changes and mutations to almost every tune but the initial framework is so strong that you are never lost, but led even farther into it. The vocals, fast becoming a Yes trademark under the direction of Jon Anderson, seem to appear just when they can be a part of the music, as opposed to being stuck on top of each track just to recite lyrics. In fact, of the nine tunes on *Fragile*, five are instrumentals, each a constructed solo piece by one of the members. The lyrics, when used, can best be described as cosmic.

To be honest, I just couldn't find anything to criticize on *Fragile*. I tried; I listened to it a lot, but that only led me to listen to it again. There was always something I hadn't heard before, but it was always something fine.

— Tom Flowers

* * * * *

News from Takoma Records . . .

At last, Takoma Records has had some new releases. Takoma is a small company with energy centered in Berkeley. In 1966 I was there and saw the records in stores like Moe's and Cody's. These records may be hard to find in Houston, but I have encountered some Robbie Basho fans over at the "new" Phoenix bookstore on Westheimer.

The latest album by Robbie Basho is called *Song of the Stallion*. The preamble to the album best describes it. *Song of the Stallion*, is an album of guitar music and poetry. It is a compendium of Hindu, Middle Eastern, Western Classical and purely American styles of stringed instruments as applied to steel stringed guitar. "White Stallion with Golden Wings" is used to symbolize the guitar technique of the "running horse" and then "flight by wings"; and also the movement of man at his best towards the "Glorious Sun of Infinity."

I have long been a lover of his music and I believe this album is better than *The Falconer's Arm* series. Robbie Basho and John Fahey, who is also on Takoma, are probably two of the best guitarists on this side of the world. It's too bad that so few people know about them. You could start bugging the record stores, though.

The next record that landed at my house is The Floating House Band who is a very fine jug band. Three guys named Kit Aldeson, Shep Cooke and Bobby Kimmel accompany themselves to original tunes on the autoharp, guitar and banjo. Very soothing and beautiful. They really take a person back to the Berkeley hills and the Bay. A record for those sick of being blasted out of their ear drums.

The Floating House Band is definitely on the same level as the Joy of Cooking, who are also from Berkeley, at least what I can tell by just listening to The Floating House Band and seeing the Joy of Cooking. Most of the songs are love songs like "Any Day Woman," "Song for Martha Lee," "It Won't Be Easy," "The Simple Life," and "Shep's Goin' to the Country." They have voices at least as good as Peter Yarrow and Paul Stookey and as much originality. For their first album I find it indeed remarkable.

The last from the Tokama batch is a strange record entitled *Songs My Mother Never Sang* by Ed Gerlach. Probably she never sang them, is because the whole album is guitar instrumental. This is the first record that Mr. Gerlach has made in 17 years through the encouragement of John Fahey. This album is only 27 minutes of 400 hours that was recorded and finally edited down. Gerlach is not as fancy as Fahey or Basho, but they have probably learned some tricks from this not-so-youngster. I think the only way to get this one is to send off. Takoma Records, P.O. Box 5403 Santa Monica, California, 90405.

A new album by Jackson Browne called *Saturate Before Using* on Asylum Records (part of Atlantic) reminds me of the distance between Elton John and Nash, Young, Stills, etc. I recently heard some of the songs on the air and John pointed out that the Byrds recorded some of his songs. "A Child In These Hills" is a good song, probably explains a lot about him, and also lets us hear that his voice will probably get better with more experience. Sneaky Pete and David Crosby are on hand to help him out. The hit off the album is "Doctor My Eyes." I like the album and it is possible that it reaches the same level as Steve Miller, but I think I will continue to listen when Jackson Browne comes over the free air ways of my radio.

Last but, of course, not least, a new female singer and writer called Lindy Stevens with her album *Pure Devotion* on Decca-MCA Records. She looks young but I find her more in the direction of Laura Nyro and so much better than Melanie or Rita Coolidge. "Devotion," the title song, is very good and let's us hear her adeptness at the piano, her instrument. A couple of other songs that sound good: "Golden Friends," "Some More of Your Lovin'," and "I'll All Come Back to You." Of all the new female singers, she is one of the best in my opinion, maybe it's the Joanie Mitchell influence, I don't know. Jarrett says he likes the album.

— Scout Schacht

* * * * *

Boogie Bluegrass And Blah

Although there was nothing very discouraging in this past weekend's musical offerings, there also was nothing to be ecstatic about . . .

POTLIQUOR

Pot Liquor was at Liberty Hall and they are finally gaining themselves a sort of national reputation plus the commensurate stage presence. Their sets over the weekend were full of polished drive and they generate the same sort of rocking good times Z. Z. Top pulls off when they are in their best form.

From the first time I ever heard Pot Liquor at a Steppenwolf concert through their various visits to Of Our Own, they have not changed their musical direction appreciably. All they have done is let people know about their music. Perhaps the best thing they do is Poe's "The Raven," although it is close to being pretentious because it is on such a definite tangent from the main force of their music (which the label-makers have to call bayou boogie.)

But if they keep developing their music along with their stage presence and don't become star struck, they could be one of the best things going. However, there is an on-stage aura about them that gives the impression they think they are On The Way and Aren't You Lucky To Catch Them. Let's hope it's not terminal.

EARL SCRUGGS AND SONS

Earl Scruggs at UH on Saturday was another bit of good times, although I felt that his two sons who play in his revue were making him do more contemporary music, which seemed to make him uncomfortable. He appeared ill at ease during most of the performance and there seemed to be an artificial quality to much of what his group played. I think he would have been happier doing bluegrass and leaving it go at that. Practically the only times things got really loose were when Scruggs and his fiddler, Vasser Clements, played some old square dance music and some of Scruggs' earlier pieces, like "Foggy Mountain Break-down."

As for his sons, the 18-year-old who plays guitar is the best flat picker I have seen in quite awhile. He has great technical ability and slurs very few notes in his rapid runs that need no slurring.

But again it was the same thing. He still didn't overpower the lingering idea that all the posturing to Dylan was only posturing and not really their idea of where their musical tastes truly lie. There were simply too many references by

Scruggs' sons to their latest album that they play on with DYLAN, and the latest TV show with DYLAN and so on. What Scruggs is doing now is not so much finding new musical directions as it is pandering to the youth market. Play bluegrass, Earl.

AND CHICAGO

Chicago (who came in Sunday) were much the same as they were the last time they were here and as they will be when they come in the future. There were a lot of people present, but then a lot of people like Lawrence Welk.

— John Carroll

"Do it!" Cont. from 9

has to be complemented by an active overground which supports it both by doing the things that an underground cannot do (calling demonstrations, calling meetings, etc.) and in more concrete ways."

In other words, it isn't enough to be a weathersymp, you've got to take action at your own level, whether it's with a monkeywrench, typewriter, hacksaw, leaflet, sewing kit, veggie garden, band-aid or day-care center. The pamphlet is well laid out with nice graphics and contains a neat surprise concluding communique, previously unreleased.

The *Liberated Guardian*, which printed and distributes the booklet, is the finest national newspaper for and about radical activity in the country. It keeps slogans to a minimum, has good and understandable analysis, and is usually accurate. It is, as they say in the trade, politically aesthetic. *Out-Laws* costs 50 cents per copy; for higher quantities, lower prices. Write to the *Liberated Guardian* offices at 900 Riverside Dr. in New York for a copy and subscription rates.

One last pamphlet. It's called *media*, as in Pennsylvania. It's a very informal booklet on how to do all sorts of communications at the cheapest possible price. Simple how-to suggestions on typesetting, silkscreen-

ing, photography, filming, printing, murals, contrasts, negatives, offset, tapes and other modes of conveying thoughts, facts and emotions. It's a nice booklet to browse through, especially if you or your church group is doing mass publicity around some event. (Get it from Break-through Influence Co., 115 E. 11th, 107 Ransom Bldg., Eugene, Oregon.)

Let's see now, here's how we tie all these things together. Next time a group plans a major guerilla action, they film it and send the film to a major network — or better yet, film it from three angles and send a film to each network.

Let us hypothetically say a new modern federal detention center is built somewhere in Utah. The night before it is to open, the "End of the Rainbow Tribe" in Salt Lake City dynamites the structure and records it all on a Kodak Super-8 with zoom lens. The film is placed in a prepared package and mailed to the Cronkite of their choice (don't forget the zip code). The next night at 6 p.m. the nation sees the culmination and realization of the old slogan variously promoted by SDS, Henry Kissinger and the Fire-sign Theatre: *Bring the war home.*

This article, submitted by the author to *Space City!* also appears in *Fusion Magazine*.

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A Clockwork Orange

Movies

A young boy having sex with two girls at the same time, with the film speeded up. A riot, no? But then let's add a sound-track. How about the "William Tell Overture"? Dynamite.

A parody of the collegiate film of, say, ten years ago? A cinematic version of The National Lampoon? Well, yes and no: the scene is from *A Clockwork Orange*.

It's not been so long since Stanley Kubrick was the Last Great Hope of the American movie industry. Fortunately some newer boys have come along, or things would be worse off than we thought.

A Clockwork Orange is a bore. To be sure, it's an important bore, if only because of the publicity the film has generated. And yes, there are moral implications that cannot be ignored. But first-last-and-always, one must deal with the fact that the film is a dreary experience — enlightened by Hot Spots on the order of the scene described above.

This one they had to stretch to get an "X," rather than cut to get an "R." That should say something about the state to which Stanley Kubrick has reduced himself.

Kubrick has become not so far removed from the other Stanley, Mr. Kramer. Their pretensions just work in different directions. Kramer used to be (maybe still is) the darling of moviegoers who feel that a movie should Make a Point, Have Something To Say. That art should stand four-square against Nazism (*Judgement at Nuremberg*), racism (*Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*), anti-ecologists (*Bless the Beasts and Children*), and other evils incarnate. Only Kramer stacks the cards so as to push over only paper dragons.

Kubrick remains the *Wunderkind* of those who like their meat ambivalent — or their ambivalence meaty.

But the question still comes up: just what is *A Clockwork Orange* saying? "Don't stick around for the future?"

Kubrick makes a great point in interviews of describing the film as a "warning." Against what? For whom?

Are we to be warned against the absence of moral choice? The film seems to enjoy its hero much more when he chooses to be violent, than when he has no choice but to be non-violent. But then during the time when he is unable to choose, the film still keeps in sympathy with Alex — if only because he's the only interesting person on the screen. (*A Clockwork Orange*, just for the record, contains about the sleaziest performances of any major film in a long time.)

Okay, then, is that our point: Enjoy violence, but be sympathetic towards non-violence? What kind of point is that? None at all, of course; it's just playing both sides of the street. A pretentious *Patton*.

Both Stanleys seem to want to have it both ways. Kramer wants to fight Nazis, but then makes Nazism seem isolated from all related political phenomena — as if Hitler were an idiosyncrasy. Or he wants to make the Statement that ecology is good, but then sets up anti-ecologists as nothing more than a bunch of poor-slob hunters. What ever happened to General Motors? (I'll tell you: they provided the cars for the movie.)

The intellectual's Stanley (Kramer being the Liberal's) wants to play the

same game. When Alex and his set out for a bit of the old ultra-violence, the film cuts before them to show us another gang raping a girl in a deserted theater. The scene is just a set-up for an eventual fight between the two gangs, so why cut ahead? For more violence, of course — that and a little beaver thrown in for good measure.

They say that vice-squads generally sit through the show before raiding the fuck-movies. Boys, meet Stanley ... oh, and another Stanley.

(Note: That a longer review of *A Clockwork Orange* will appear week after next — after the opening of *The Last Picture Show*.)

— Alex Stern

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Von Braun

cont. from 3

upon the success of communications satellites (which are controlled by a 77-corporation consortium called Intelsat) and saying that there is "a lot of potential in terms of dollars and cents in weather satellites." He predicted that "earth resources satellites" will provide data on land usage, and a means of resource location, all of which he says will be of value in dealing with the population explosion. He feels that the Skylab experiments, and the proposed space shuttle, are very important to making space exploration "commercial." And I'm inclined to agree with him.

The fact is that space exploration is already very commercial. By far the majority of people in the United States who are working on the space program are not employed by NASA, but by the hundreds of contractors, sub-contractors and sub-sub-contractors making a handsome profit from research and development. People I have talked to at the Manned Spacecraft Center told me that NASA and the private contractors have parallel administrative structures and that it is virtually impossible to determine who is really running the show. If Werhner Von Braun is at all typical of NASA administrators, one must conclude that the space agency is in the process of handing the whole show over to private contractors.

Most people probably have difficulty in connecting the Werhner Von Braun who developed the V-2 with the Werhner Von Braun who works (presumably with great loyalty) for NASA. It would seem charitable to dismiss his work for the Nazis in the light of his "good" work in the American space program.

As for me, I see Von Braun as an opportunist who has consistently, and very shrewdly, managed to link his fortunes with the power structure of whatever country he happens to be serving. When in Nazi Germany, he built "weapons of reprisal" for the Nazis. Now that he is in capitalist America, he builds "earth resources satellites" for the capitalists. And if the Nazis (or someone like them) ever come into power here, he'll go back to making "weapons of reprisal".

*"In German and English, I know how to count down;
And I'm learning Chinese," says Werhner Von Braun.*

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More Nazis!

A former high-ranking Nazi propagandist is serving on the Republican National Committee and has been appointed by President Nixon to the Small Business Administration, according to columnist Jack Anderson.

Joseph Pauco, who served Hitler as editor-in-chief of the official Nazi newspaper in Slovakia during World War II, came to the United States in 1950 and took over a weekly newspaper, "Slovak v Amerike," in Middletown, Pa.

Pauco was made a member of the Republican National Committee as an advisor on relations with the Slovak-American community, then was appointed by GOP Chairman Sen. Robert Dole of Kansas as comptroller of the committee's ethnic council.

Three months ago Pauco and J. M. Kirschbaum, a former Nazi living in Toronto who has been accused of sending Slovakian Jews to the gas chamber, held a meeting in Toronto of the Slovak World Congress, an organization they had established. The meeting was attended by various U. S. Senators, and, ironically, by the official in the Justice Department responsible for keeping track of ex-Nazis, Assistant Attorney General Robert Mardian.

At the conference Mardian said, according to Anderson, that he "felt especially akin to you and your organization," and added, "It is a common heritage that binds us together here today."

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MY SWEET CHARLIE — play by Houstonian David Westheimer; directed by William Glover. Thurs, Fri — 8:30 pm; Sat, 5 & 9 pm, thru Feb 19. Alley's Arena stage. 228-8421.

CLEAR CREEK COUNTRY THEATRE

LILIES OF THE FIELD — Directed by Morgan Redman; stars Willie Dirden, Ed Muths. Weekends thru Feb 12, 8:15 pm. League City. 932-3714.

STUDIOS 7

THE WIZARD OF OZ — Prince St. Players musical adaptation. This one changed directors, and some of the cast, mid-stream; Chris Wilson directed it herself, in the end. For info about times, cost & internal dynamics, call PR 1-3851. Or just check your I Ching. Houston Music Theatre, SW Fwy at Fondren.

RICE PLAYERS

A DELICATE BALANCE — Edward Albee play. Feb 7-12. 8 pm. Hamman Hall, Rice U. 528-4141, ex 638; weekends, JA 8-4554.

FONDREN STREET THEATRE

PINDCHID — multi-media musical kids show. Directed by Carl Deese. Sat, 11 am & 2 pm; Sun, 2 pm. Thru Feb. Fondren at Daffodil, 783-9930.

CHANNING PLAYERS

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF — Tennessee Williams classic. Directed by Lydia Miller. Stars Oscar James & Bonnie Ambrose. Feb 3-5 & Feb 11-12. Curtain 8:30 pm. First Unitarian Church, 5210 Fannin.

PLAYWRIGHT'S SHOWCASE

DISCOURSE VIETNAM — Peter Weiss play, never before performed on American continent. Directed by Roger Glade. Opens Fri, Feb 18, & will run weekends thru March. Fri & Sat nights, 8 pm. Autry House, 6265 S. Main, 524-3168.

UH DRAMA DEPT

THE RESISTABLE RISE OF ARTURO UI — Bertolt Brecht's "gangster spectacle" that parallels the growth of a Chicago mob to that of Hitler and the Nazi party in pre-war Germany. Directed by Cecil Pickett. Feb 16-19, 8:30 pm. Cullen Auditorium, UH, 748-6600 ex 608.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE — opening of US tour.

Features stars Carla Fracci, Natalia Makarova, Ted Kivitt & Ivan Nagy. Presented by Society for Performing Arts. Feb 9-12. 8:30 pm; Feb 13, 8 pm. Jones Hall.

WEISS TABLE TOP THEATER

BLACK COMEDY AND WHITE LIES — two one-acts. Feb 10-13, 8 pm. Weiss College Commons, Rice University.

COUNTRY PLAYHOUSE

NONSENSE NIGHT — Presented by Experimental Wing. 14 comedy sketches from contemporary plays. Directed by Ruth Willis. Sat, Feb 11, 8:30 pm.

ART

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS

(1001 Blissonnet)
KEMPE COLLECTION — collection of Chinese gold, silver & porcelain. Jones Galleries.

CERAMIC SCULPTURE — School of Art gallery, thru April 2.

NATURE AND FOCUS: Looking at American Painting in the 19th Century. Masterson Jr. Gallery

DAYS ON THE RANGE — artists of American west. Cullinan Hall.

INSTITUTE FOR THE ARTS

SELECTION FROM THE MENIL COLLECTION

works from the Menil Foundation & family at the Rice Museum. Thru April 15. University and Stockton.

EVE SONNEMAN — photographs dealing with "peoples' interactions with each other and with their environment."

Media Center, Univ & Stockton. 528-4141, ex 1396.

E.J. BELLDG: STORYVILLE PORTRAITS

— 34 photos of Storyville prostitutes. (Storyville is the red-light district in New Orleans.) Sewall Hall Gallery, Rice campus.

BEAUMONT ART MUSEUM

ARTHUR TURNER — one-man show of drawings, watercolors & paintings by Houston artist and member of the Museum of Fine Arts faculty. Thru Feb 28. Wilson Memorial Art Center, 1111 Ninth Street, Beaumont.

ARTIST OUTLET COMMUNITY GALLERY

black artists. 2603 Blodgett.

THE BLACK GALLERY — paintings,

sculpture & crafts by black artists. Operation Breadbasket, 2413 Dowling.

ADEPT GALLERY — "Promises, Promises"

One man show with paintings, prose, poetry by Luther G. Walker. 1617 Blissonnet.

CARVEL GALLERY — original Eskimo stone graphics. 3719 Westheimer.

GALLERY OF ORIGINAL ARTS — works

by Huntsville Prison inmates, plus surrealism by Norman Johnson. Farmers Market, Town & Entry Village.

MUSIC

LIBERTY HALL (1610 Chenevert) — Goose Creek Symphony, Feb 10 & 11. Rufus Jagneaux (Mardi Gras show and dance) Feb 12 & 13.

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE — thru

Sun, Feb 13, Jones Hall. Thurs at 8:30 pm: "Giselle"; Fri at 8:30 pm: "Swan Lake"; Sat at 2:30 pm: "Swan Lake", at 8:30 pm: "Les Patineurs"; "The Soldiers Tale"; "Etudes"? Sun at 2:30 pm: "Fancy Free"; "Theatre"; "Rodeo"; at 8:00 pm: "Theatre." — 227-1111.

LA BASTILLE — Woody Herman, Feb 11-19, 716 Franklin — CA-7-2036.

HOUSTON RDM, UNIV OF HOUSTON SERENDIPITY SINGERS, Feb 10, 1:00 pm, 50 cents, tickets at Univ Center Ticket Office.

FREDDIE KING & GREEN, 8:00 pm, Feb 12. Tickets at UC Ticket Office: UH Students \$1.50, Others \$2.50.

MOVIES

RICE MEDIA CENTER

Located in the Rice stadium parking lot, off University Blvd. All screenings are at 8:00 and they are absolutely FREE.

Feb 9 — WILD STRAWBERRIES, Ingmar Bergman

Feb 10 — MARTYRS OF LOVE, Jan Nemec

Feb 11 — SMILES OF A SUMMER NIGHT, Ingmar Bergman.

ST. THOMAS FREE FILMS

FREE moving pictures every Thu nite at Anderson Hall on the Univ of St Thomas campus. 7:30 pm.

Feb 17 — MICKEY ONE, directed by Arthur Penn, stars Warren Beatty

Feb 24 — BONNIE & CLYDE, directed by Art Penn, stars Warren Beatty & Faye Dunaway. But you know that!

UNIVERSITY OF HOUSTON

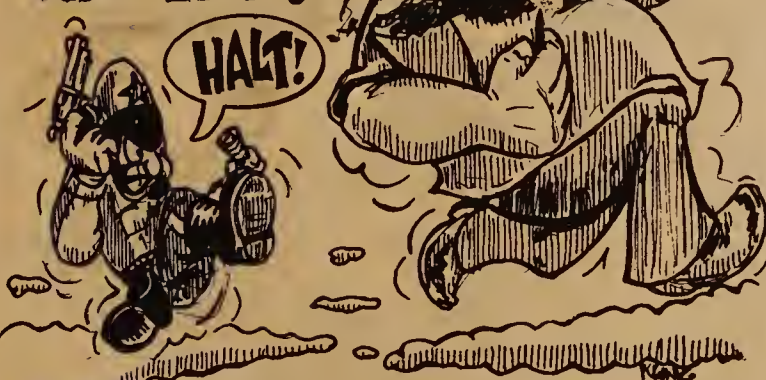
Thank and a tip of the Space-In hat to Allison Korn for sending in info on UH films.

Feb 11 — BWANA TDCHI, Library Aud., 8:00 pm, FREE

cont. on 16

HELPFUL HINTS FOR HEALTHY HEADS:
NEVER... NEVER... NEVER...

CARRY MORE
THAN YOU
CAN EAT!



MILE HIGH BAIL BONDS
527-9735
636 W. ALABAMA





Pictured here is a scene from *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, a "gangster spectacle" to be presented by the University of Houston drama department Feb. 16-19. The play, by Bertolt Brecht, parallels the growth of a Chicago mob to that of Hitler and the Nazis in pre-war Germany. The production is being directed by Cecil Pickett at Cullen Auditorium on the UH campus. Curtain is 8:30 pm. Next week in Space City! director Pickett discusses the show. Keep tuned.

Feb 14—CLASSIC SHORT FILMS, Univ Cent, 7:30 pm, FREE, FREE
Feb 15—THE WILD CHILLO, Anderson Hall Aud no. 2, 7:30 pm, 10:00 pm, 50 cents
Feb 16—OWL & PUSSYCAT, Oberholtzer Ballroom, 7:00 & 10:00 pm, 75 cents, shows next nite at 8:00 pm only.
Feb 18—LA GUERRE EST FINIE, Library Aud, 8:00 pm, FREE
Feb 21—SHIP OF FOOLS, Univ Cent, 7:30 pm, FREE
Feb 22—START THE REVOLUTION WITH—OUT ME, Anderson Hall Aud no. 2, 7:30 & 10:00 pm, 50 cents

OTHER SCENES (listings subject to change)
A CLOCKWORK ORANGE—Stanley Kubrick's version of the Anthony Burgess novel. Lotsa sex & ultra-violence. Real horrorshow. At the Galleria Cinema.
200 Motels—Count 'em, 200! Stars the lovely and talented Frank Zappa, The Mothers, Ringo, and assorted squares. At the Bellaire.
SACCO & VANZETTI—Two anarchists murdered by The State (ours). Oon't ever say it can't happen here, 'cause it already has. At the Windsor.
STRAW DOGS—Oustin Hoffman. At the Village & Gaylynn Terrace.
THE HOSPITAL—George C. Scott (my favorite) and Olana Rigg. Maybe good maybe bad, check it out. Leow's State, Gaylynn Terrace.
POCKET MONEY—Paul Newman & Lee Marvin (golly, they're sooo tough). At the River Oaks.
JOHN WAYNE & THE COWBOYS—What can I say? At the Village.

TV

Tue, Feb 10—
7:30 pm—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, first sound film by O.W. Griffith ("Birth of a Nation") stars Walter Huston, Jason Robards, Sr., and Una Merkle. Ch 8
Fri, Feb 11—
7:30 pm—SEVEN SAMURAI, the uncut version (3½ hours) of Kurosawa's epic battle film. Stars Toshiro Mifune. Ch 8

The Little Bike Shop

3711 Milam JA 2 7675
3-9 Wed 9-4 Sat

8:00 pm—THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALANCE, if you prefer John Wayne to Toshiro Mifune. Ch 11

9:30 pm—THE WORLOS OF VON BRAUN— "In German and English I know how to count down / and I'm learning Chinese," says Werner von Braun. Ch 2

12:55 am—OUCK SOUP, the Marx Brothers (can you name all seven?) Ch 11

Sat, Feb 12—
2:30 pm—GOOZILLA'S REVENGE, all Tokyo shudders as the mammoth monster goes on another spree, in Technicolor. Ch 11

7:30 pm—HOUNO OF THE BASKERVILLES, features the famous line: "Or, Watson, that sounds like a rot mean dawg out thar." Ch 13
Sun, Feb 13—

8:00 pm—ELIZABETH R, first chapter in a six-part biography of England's greatest queen. Ch 8

8:00 pm—CLEOPATRA, Part I, the movie that made Eddie Fisher famous without him even being in it. Ch 13

11:00 pm—THE TRUE STORY OF JESSE JAMES, Ch 13

Mon, Feb 14—

3:30 pm—BACHELOR FLAT, Tuesday Weld, (of Ooble Gills fame) & Richard Beymer (of West Side Story). Looks like a modern classic. Ch 11

8:00 pm—ST. VALENTINES OAY MASSACRE, Jason Robards & George Segal salute one of America's finest holiday in their quaint Old World fashion. Ch 39

8:00 pm—CLEOPATRA, Part II, Ch 13

10:30 pm—A PATCH OF BLUE, Sidney Poitier. Ch 11

Tue, Feb 15—

7:30 pm—CHINA LOST AND FOUND, covers 250 sparkling years of Chinese—U.S. relations. Stars Teddy Roosevelt & Olick Nixon. Ch 2

8:00 pm—THE TRAIN, Burt Lancaster, Paul Scofield. Ch 39

Wed, Feb 16—

7:00 pm—SHENANOOAH, a sentimental favorite. You'll cry 'til you puke. Oon't miss it. Ch 13

Thu, Feb 17—

8:00 pm—SOME LIKE IT HOT, Jack Lemmon & Tony Curtis join Marilyn Monroe in an all-girl band. Really rather humorous. Ch 39

12:30 am—TALL STORY, camp classic starring Tony Perkins as a high school basketball star and Jane Fonda as a cheerleader. Those were the days! (Sigh) Ch 11

Fri, Feb 11—

7:30 pm—BEAUTY AND THE BEAST, directed by Jean Cocteau to appeal to young and old alike. (NOTE: This is NOT a Walt Disney movie.) Ch 8

10:30 pm—THE FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS, the film that made Sharon Tate semi-famous. Directed by Roman Polanski. Ch 11

12:30 am—GO WEST YOUNG MAN, Mae West & Randolph Scott. Ch 11

Sat, Feb 20—

12:30 pm—BASKETBALL, just the way you like it (you can turn it off when you get bored to tears). S. Car. vs Our Own U of H. Ch 11

1:30 pm—PRIZEFIGHTER & THE LAOY, Myrna Loy & Max Baer. Followed by the Marx Bros. in A NIGHT AT THE OPERA. Ch 2

9:30 pm—NIXON LEAVES FOR CHINA, and isn't it about time? Ch 13

10:30 pm—RAINTREE COUNTRY, Liz Taylor, Lee Marvin, Montgomery Clift. Ch 13

11:00 pm—HIGH SOCIETY, low camp starring Sinatra, Crosby, and Princess Grace. Music by Cole Porter. Ch 2

INS & OUTS

GI RIGHTS CONFERENCE

The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors is holding a conference in Austin Feb. 20-22 on military law. Topics will include charges, GI rights, federal court remedies, organizing. All interested people should attend, including military lawyers, draft & GI counselors. To be held in the Texas Union Bldg, UT, Austin, in the main ballroom. For more info call (512)478-9332 or 224-3062 in Houston.

MILITARY COUNSELING

A military counseling office has opened in Houston at the Prairie Law Collective, 618 Prairie, no. 3, 224-3962 HOURS: Tue, 7:30-9:30 pm; Sat, 2-4 pm; Thu, 10:30 am-3:30 pm. Info on discharges, GI rights. This is not a draft counseling service, but for people who are in and want out.

Pot Luck Announces

MARDI GRAS SALE

SAVE 30% TO 50% OFF ON ALL CLOTHING

JEANS
WERE 8.00
NOW 4.75

WIDE RIBBED
CORDUOYS
WERE 14.00
NOW 9.00

DOUBLE KNOT
SHIRTS
WERE 14.00
NOW 8.00

PONCHOS
WERE 24.00
NOW 15.00

LEATHER PANTS
WERE 39.00
NOW 20.00

SMILIN'S CROW
PULLOVERS
WERE 7.00
NOW 4.00

RECYCLED
JEANS
WERE 3.00
NOW 2.00

BELTS
SOME 10.00
SOME 8.00
NOW... 5.00

Pot Luck #2
6128 Village Parkway
"IN THE VILLAGE"
528-7732

Pot Luck #1
3418 Wheeler
BETWEEN TSU & U of H
747-0959

CHRIS POT LUCK
5604 Bissonnet
Bellaire, Texas
Near Rice Blvd
SALE NOT GOOD AT POT LUCK IN KEMAH...

JUNK WANTED

The Latin American Cultural Exchange is beginning a re-cycling project. We need to find places where there are piles of paper, cardboard, aluminum cans, and glass jars & bottles. People can deliver them to the food co-op, Albany at Dennis on Sunday or call us at 522-8296 and we can pick it up. We will also welcome volunteers to help in this worthy project.

UNIVERSITY OF THOUGHT

Catalogue of courses for the spring semester is out. No cost, no grades, no teachers' dirty looks, no attendance. Courses include Esperanto, Auto Mechanics, Karate, Yoga, Organic Gardening, Home Brewing, Astrology. Catalogues available at Turtle News & at the U of Thought, 3505 S. Main. Call 526-5547

NAME THAT QUOTE

An easy one this week, gang.
"If it takes a bloodbath, let's get it over with. No more appeasement" (See answer below)

NIXON OUT!

Rennie Oavis (of the Chicago 8) will come to Houston Tue, Feb 15 to drum up support for demonstrations at the Republican National Convention in San Diego. His topic: "Evict Nixon" Oavis will speak at noon at the U of H, Dallas Room, Univ Cent and at 8 pm at St. Thomas Univ.

MUSIC BENEFIT

To help a brother raise legal fees. Feb 11 & 12, 9:00 pm at old Jubilee Hall, McGowen at Bagby. Music by Rattlesnake Smith, Country, & Aurora.

ANSWER TO NAME THAT QUOTE:

Ronald Reagan

unclassifieds

IF YOU KNOW ME — help me serve my time... write to:

Mike Fleming 19567-175
El Reno Federal Reformatory
Box 1500
El Reno, Okla 73036

WANTED: FENDER TWIN reverb amp. Call John anytime. 528-6952.

MOVING? Let me & my van help you. Call Glenn, 528-6952.

INFANT CARE near med center. Experienced mother of two. Judith Roth, 666-7916.

WE NEED BANOS, folksingers, etc., to come and play free music for the locked-up. Your brothers could really dig it! Call: Federal Correctional Institution, Seagoville, Texas.

MARY KAY'S VW CLINIC works on your car for less. Honest work. Guaranteed. Tune-ups are \$10 plus parts. Open 7-6 Mon & Wed, 7-noon Sat. 701 Welch at Stanford.

PRISONER: BUSTED and awaiting trial in Chicago. Wants mail. Elise Purdue; 2600 So. Calif. Ave., 7110600, Tier D-1, Chicago, Ill. 60608.

FOUND: One pair prescription sunglasses at Herman Park Sun Jan 17. Can pick them up at 607 W. Gray, Apt. no. 1.

FREE BLACK male poodle. 3 1/2 yrs old, uncut hair. 528-1852.

SOUND MACHINE repairs, specializing in stereo and hi-fi amplifiers, turntables & AM radios. No rip-off prices. 665-5959.

BABYSITTING in my home—Hours flexible. \$3 a day, \$4 if overnight. Liberal atmosphere. 908 Welch. Ask for Aunt Gladys.

'61 MERCEDES: air-conditioned, new clutch, needs new head, lots of loving care. Sold as is. Willing to entertain any offer. 524-2642.

RAPE VICTIMS or attempted rape victims: call Oaria at Pacifica, 224-4000 for radio program we want to prepare on subject of rape. Full protection of anonymity.

UNITED EARTH Newsletter is a meeting place for pacifists, resisters, the "doers"—people who are acting on what they believe. Sample copies free to all free people. One year sub for donation of \$5 to United Earth Collective, a non-profit organization. Press card for \$5. We pay \$10 to \$20 per article we can use. United Earth, PO Box 264, Menomonee Falls, Wis. 53051

GET INVOLVED in operating non-coercive schools or get help in starting your own. Call Gene, 521-9456.

FOR RENT 1306 Alabama, near San Jac High School, 2 bdrm house, rent \$110. Call 524-2626.

KEYBOARD AND BASSMAN wanted for new versatile rock band; vocal chords must be suitable for singing. Call Rick at 673-2331 or Mark at 774-4275.

AQUARIAN MEDITATION SOCIETY teaches: metaphysics, yoga, Aquarian age philosophy, truth, other cheap bullshit. Come as you are every Sunday, 11:00 am Sayoy Hotel, 1616 Main ST at Peace. Come and spiritualize your consciousness. All welcome, regardless of credulousness.

USEO OSCILLOSCOPES — Heath IMPscope for biological work, EICO Model 460, and two Lavale USM-50's. All in good condition. Must sell. Make offer. 463-0417.

FOR RENT: Large old house on secluded lot in Montrose with greenhouse. Fireplace & 4-5 bedrooms. 524-2626 \$265

SANDEE'S NOW SERVING
HOMEMADE
FOOD
PRESENTS FRI. SAT. JAN. 28 & 29
DEVIL'S WALL 50¢ COVER

unclassifieds

Space City! Unclassifieds are free. Fill out this form and mail to Unclassifieds, Space City!, 1217 Wichita, Houston, 77004. Preference given to service and non-profit ads. We don't accept "sex ads." We believe that far from characterizing a position of sexual liberation, they are frequently exploitative of sexuality, especially that of women and gay people. Not all "sex ads" are exploitative of course, but we don't know any simple guideline for determining which are and which aren't. We will generally accept ads however, for roommates which specify gay or straight, male or female, to avoid possible confusion when two parties get together. Space City! reserves the right to reject any ad, or to change or delete portions not in keeping with our policy.

HEIGHTS HEAD SHOP

515 West 11th st.

862-6463

MON.-SAT.

NOON

9 P.M.

HMMM... LETS SEE NOW...
PIPES, CANDLES, CLIPS,
POSTERS, BEADS, PATCHES,
PAINT, LIGHTS, INCENSE,
COMIX.....

LOTS OF
PAPERS
TOO!

NON RIP-OFF PRICES.

Pickup
SPACE CITY!
HERE.

german auto
service

VW SERVICE ONLY

3000 MILLAM 524-2011

NO RIP-OFF PRICES

24 Hr. Service



FOX
BAIL BONDING

Roy Neugent - Owner
State, County, & Fed

224-7701

Breaking Ma Bell's 1972 Credit Card Code

Dear Space City!

The Berkley Tribe in their Dec. 31 issue printed a long letter from a phone company employee, explaining the new 1972 credit card code. Thought your readers might be interested.

A credit card number is 11 digits (10 numbers followed by a letter) and consists of three sections:

The first seven numbers are a phone number. It is best if you use a number that actually exists, but this is not essential.

The next three numbers are a code (called an RAO) which the phone company uses to identify the area where the card was issued. (Examples: 158 is the RAO for San Francisco, 035 is Atlanta, 182 is Los Angeles, 032 is Washington, DC, 105 is New Mexico, and 072, 074, and 021 are all New York.) Naturally, you do *not* have to make your call from the city corresponding to the RAO (in fact, it is best if you don't).

The final digit is a letter which corresponds to the *fourth* digit in the credit card number, according to the following code:

1 - Z	6 - H
2 - J	7 - U
3 - Q	8 - M
4 - S	9 - A
5 - D	0 - X

For example, if the fourth digit in the card number is a 7, then the final letter *must* be a U. The phone company can immediately tell that the card is phony if the letter used is incorrect.

Here is an example of an acceptable credit card:

834-1656 087 Z (Z corresponds to 1, the fourth digit in the number).

Of course, it is against the law to make calls on phony credit card numbers, and the phone company will try to catch you. To minimize that possibility, observe the following rules.

- 1) Never make a call from a home phone, or any phone that can be connected to you or your loved ones.
- 2) Make sure that the party you call is not going to tell the telephone company who made the call when they start checking.
- 3) Since operators often listen in to the first part of the call if they are suspicious, you should be careful not to give your full name over the phone. (The phone company can legally tap any phone on which there is loss of revenue or intent to defraud.)
- 4) Make sure your number is a good one, and memorize it so that your approach to the operator is smooth. Act like a businessman when dealing with the operator.
- 5) Do not use the same number for too long.

You needn't be *too* paranoid, since the phone company cannot possibly tap every phone or follow up on every suspicion. Besides, a lot of people working for Bell Tel hate the company as much as (or more) than you do, and will go as far as they can to help you.

P.S. to Space City! Please don't use my real name on this. Discretion is the better part of valor.

[Ed. note: we won't even use your *unreal* name!]

REALBREAD
for
Real People
Green Acres Organic Foods
1338 Westheimer 2512 Rice Blvd

SEE THE BURGER MACHINE AT
ROLANDO'S Burger Factory
28¢ Beer-Open 'til midnite (Kirby factory only)
ROLANDO'S DRIVE THRU "LOADING DOCK FACILITIES" AT KIRBY FACTORY ONLY.
Offering 20 Varieties of Charcoal Burgers
2902 KIRBY 528-9230 1739 RICHMOND 528-8865
FOR "TO GO" ORDERS CALL YOUR NEAREST FACTORY

Letters

1217 Wichita, Houston, Texas 77004

Fooled Again!

Space City!

Once more a local FM station has advertised its way into community prominence and then proceeds to cop out. Listen to AM radio some time and you'll notice we're being sold the same shit in a slightly different package. You can expect hourly doses of American and Humble pie, Grand Funk with Sly and Van Morrison on the side.

We won't get fooled again — or will we?

Kirk Miller
Houston

"A Fascist Work of Art"

Space City!

I realize it's been a while since John Goodwin's review of Pechinpah's *Straw Dogs* appeared in your pages

(one month), but last week an incisive review by Pauline Kael of the film appeared in the New Yorker. She seemed to see an intent unnoticed by Goodwin. While agreeing with many critics on the film's status as a classic, she termed it "the first American film that is a fascist work of art."

She goes on, "The goal of the movie is to demonstrate that David (Dustin Hoffman) enjoys the killing, and achieves his manhood in that self-recognition . . . As a woman, (Susan George as Amy) is not expected to have any principles — she doesn't have an idea in her head but sex and self-preservation. The movie is tight, and it all adds up; the male clichés come together in a coherent fantasy." This characterization of Amy corresponds nicely with Goodwin's: "A definitive portrait of shrewd sexuality and self-protective hysteria."

Is Kael imagining an intent that is not in the film? She continues to develop her argument: "It (the film) gets at the roots of the fantasies that men carry from earliest childhood. It confirms their secret fears and prejudices that women respect only brutes; it confirms the male insanity that there is no such thing as rape. The movie taps a sexual fascism that is so much a part of folklore that it's on the underside of many an educated consciousness and is rampant among the uneducated."

Violence is erotic in the movie because a man's process is in fighting and loving. The one earns him the

Cont. on next page

PRÉGNANT
NEED HELP?

For information on abortion, birth control, pregnancy tests and counseling call locally — call Problem Pregnancy Information Service, Inc. Counselors are on duty 24 hours a day. We will answer your questions completely & openly.

523-2521
523-7408
523-5354

Problem Pregnancy Information Service
209 Stratford St., Houston
Office hours 9:30 am—9:30 pm 7 days a week

T.&L. Trucking Co.
641-0137

General Hauling Anything-Anywhere

COMPLETE MOBILE HOME SERVICE AND REPAIR
WE HAUL MOBILE HOMES ANYWHERE

right to the other. You can see why Peckinpah loaded the dice against David at the beginning: he had to make David such a weakling that only killing could rouse him to manhood."

I realize I'm quoting out of context; people should read the article themselves if they're interested. I haven't seen the movie yet, so I'm reserving judgment. Did anyone on the staff of Space City! have a reaction to the film like Kael's? If the film's intent is as Kael says it is, then Space City! should point this out to the community.

Peace,
James Absalom Kinder, III
Houston

Penetrating Questions

Space City!

Your letter column is good.

News, however, should be mostly local with periodic in depth political analyses of international news.

Much of your "news" is not news. People bribing officials and the rich cheating on their taxes we can read about in the Post and Chronicle. People changing stories for different reporters and not speaking to Space City! reporters is common. It is dull to read repeatedly about people refusing to talk to Space City! Other papers they talk to because other papers distort news in a way favorable to the people talking. Either make them talk to you or find out in a different way — but don't report a conversation that didn't take place or wasn't a conversation.

Why doesn't Space City! have a line on Houston and a national/international line of its own coming out of Houston — as opposed to news services whose base is D.C., L.A. or Ann Arbor? Mostly you use the news services line and then sometimes it isn't even labeled. We readers want to know where the news is coming from because Houston is different socio-economically than other cities. It is a boom-town of thriving capitalism ("the niggers may live in a shack — but it's their own shack" — as said by the head of the Model Cities program in Houston), whereas other cities (St. Louis, Cleveland, L.A.) are dying — not growing — and accepting socialist reforms at a faster rate.

The mayor talks about Mafia when in truth Houston and Texas has its own syndicate which has been powerful enough to keep the Mafia out! This syndicate probably has ties with the CIA and that's why the FBI is rendered virtually powerless here in Texas (Pacifica bombings in Houston).

Your movie reviews do not criticize the line put out by the movie. Joe Hill was portrayed as a pacifist when in reality he and the IWW were militants — declaring that for every member of the IWW that was killed a pig would be offed. Also, *Once a Great Notion's* anti-feminist, anti-worker, pro-family line should have been criticized.

Your ads for bail bonding companies means that you are backing each other — and unbelievably — the Liberty Bank ("for the people").

I continue to read your paper hoping to see improvement and shall be glad to write for you as I am doing here, if that's what it takes.

Sharon Lynn
Ashby Cleveland
Houston

[Ed. note: Thank you for your advice. We should clarify a few points for

you, however. First, Space City! has never printed a review of the film, *Joe Hill* (though we intended to). Second, the advertising situation and our attitudes toward it are a bit more complex than you suggest: that we accept a paid advertisement from a business does *not* suggest that we "back" that business, but that (to put it bluntly) we need advertising revenue to survive. There are limits, of course, and we have refused some advertising,

particularly that which we have considered sexist. No one has yet given us a good reason as to why we should not accept advertising from banks; until we are persuaded otherwise, and until our critics abandon their saving and checking accounts, we will continue to accept such advertising. Third, your references to Houston's own "syndicate" are intriguing; please elaborate.]



Being the adventures of a young man
whose principal interests are rape,
ultra-violence and Beethoven.

**BEST FILM
OF THE YEAR
BEST DIRECTOR
OF THE YEAR**
N.Y. FILM CRITICS
AWARD 1971



STANLEY KUBRICK'S

**CLOCKWORK
ORANGE**



A Stanley Kubrick Production A CLOCKWORK ORANGE™ Starring Malcolm McDowell • Patrick Magee
Adrienne Corri and Miriam Karlin • Screenplay by Stanley Kubrick • Based on the novel by
Anthony Burgess • Produced and Directed by Stanley Kubrick • Warner Bros. Production
Max J. Roth and S. I. Lewis • From Warner Bros. A Kinney Company

Opening February 10

General Cinema's

THE GALLERIA

Post Oak at Westheimer

626-4011

Pretty Words and Long Kisses

by Robert Finlay

Copyright by Robert Finlay, 1972

"The heartbreak of being oneself," said the sincere voice on the tv, and Herbert lived up, staggered into the kitchen, thumped a roach off his stationery, threaded a sheet and started a story. His neck hurt and his eyes. He had been up the previous night gambling at cards and had caught cold. Fevered, he thought of his father's Epicurean rhyme:

He who eateth and drinketh til midnight
And defecateh and upchucketh til daylight
Shall have no rest that night
By a damn sight.

He smiled when he thought of his father, a fat-fingered sensualist, and was glad that his father was his father. His father lived in California, a place of palm trees and beach, blue ocean and orange sky.

Herbert was glad that he was not in California. He was glad he was where he was, with his typewriter before him and his Siamese cat to his left, glancing every so often at the flying keys.

His wife was on his mind.

You arose as a Snow Princess on the icy steppes of Europe. Reaching for the sun, you blossomed white: wrapped in the fur of a Polar Bear, conceived in the prow of a Viking clipper; eyes as blue as the melting water of a glacier.

He had seen her two days before. They had been divorced a year, and the half-day they had spent together had been nice, pleasant - an old shoe one slides on after months of burial in a dark closet.

He became pensive. The memories of the faces that went with his wife's crowded in on his soul and made beads of sweat pop out on his forehead like drops of blood.

He did not want her back. He just did not want to have to hate her anymore. But she thrived on hate. Engendered it. Demanded it. In one of her Master's seminars she had written a paper about him, labeling him psychopath and sociopath. Her hatred went deep. It was primordial, rooted deep in the womb. She remembered only the negative aspects of their relationship.

But alas, he had left. Upon graduation, upon receiving his Doctorate. The very month, he had left. He was a male chauvinist. He used women as objects, used them because they liked his straight nose and baby mouth, and because they let him. "You can't fool me anymore," one of them had said, "with your pretty words and long kisses. You're no different from that c.t. of yours, lazy, hedonistic, and completely selfish."

The Siamese moved to his lap, and he petted her, and he thought that maybe love was just a way of using people in a certain way, a certain tender way. He had left because he had imagined that his wife had throttled the youth, the freedom, the crazy wild life-loving exuberance that had made him run and because love had gone and because of other women and he had gone to rejuvenate. He was not sorry though, nor did he feel guilty, for, as she had stated in her A paper, he was amoral.

But he remembered the nice things about them: the trip to Baja, hummingbirds on honeysuckles as Pacific waves kissed the shore outside their honeymoon window. Encenada: a diamond necklace in the nighttime, a cluster of jewels. He had loved her. But Change!

CHANGE is and was the nemesis of the modern world. Not only can one not step into the same stream twice, but the stream itself had become a rapids, a whirling vortex of currents and counter-currents with nothing but a long plunge over an inky waterfall to show for the voyage.



So, when the going became too rough for him, he had clutched at the flotsam available. Stings (a very Freudian slip) strings of women:

Strings of women
Like daisies
Like flowers
Link together
The hours
of life.

And there were many of them. Carla, Sabrina, Augusta, and Claudia, and ... he pulled at his earlobe, remembering faces, bodies, but forgetting names. The girl with the navel that had looked like two half moons, her name had been? Pamela? He could not remember, yet the time had not been long in terms of days since there had been lonely sex between them. She had gone. They had all gone. And like the magic soldiers on the fields of Greece, for every one who died, a thousand took their place.

The wife had said he was like Marcello in 8½, and he had agreed.

That women ring
My universe
Providing both escape
And trap,
Love
And poison,
The mystery of life
And freedom
Or death!

He did not know what to do. The wave still hissed away at the beach where the grunion had been running, frantic silver flashes, and his wife, young and laughing, had caught many in the moonlight, and they had drunk wine, though even then he remembered he had contemplated the long swim to China. It was the case beyond a doubt that his psychoemotional problems were myriad.

He thought of the girl in the present. The high school girl that he had had to have the moment he had first seen her, leaning against a bookshelf in blue ...

In her eyes of blue
Are seven skies
And seven oceans
And on every ocean's wave
Is a kiss.

Her voice was throaty on the phone, and she was studying for an English test, and while she spoke he watched a silent basketball game, players hooking and passing and shooting, and the cat curled up next to him, and his eyes went from the tv to the Duchamp print above the screen, *Nu Descendant Un Escalier*, and she spoke of the reformed addict from the Veteran's Hospital who had spoken at her school and upon whom she and most of her girlfriends had a crush. He was a tragic hero to them, someone who had lived, but Herbert did not mind, not really. At seventeen one had these flare-ups. Next week it might be, who knows, chess champions, lepers.

He loved her. He wanted her. He loved to look at her in the red light of his bedroom as they drank champagne and made love, as her hair spilled over them like a waterfall and her child eyes drank him into eternity.

But he did not want to marry her and feared for himself, and for that reason had sought out other women, his wife included. "Save me," he had said, as if she had been waiting for him ... as if she still cared ... as if she still could.

And he knew that he was alone just as he knew that he was not alone. He knew that he could hold out against them for a week, two, but that after that he fell victim to his glands. It was his notion that a man could not live without love, that he drew strength, meaning, and purpose from sexuality. But he also knew that emotions were double-edged swords.

He could see that the end was coming. There were chills in his spinal cord, and the bed upon which the Siamese lay in a warm ball looked good to him.

But he decided to include a paragraph about the future. He knew he was not a worker in the sense of having an interest in trading production for money, and he knew that his tastes were exotic and expensive. But he knew, just as surely as he wrote this and just as surely as you are reading it, that in the South of France somewhere along the Cote d'Azur, there lived a Countess and one day on the beach they would see each other, speak in pretty words and have long kisses, and in his spare time he could gamble for bigger stakes drive a bigger sports car and have more voluptuous mistresses.

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